3

GREENES

Neuer too late.

Or,

A Powder of Experience:

Sent to all youthfull Gentlemen; to roote out the infectious follies, that *ouer-reaching conceits foster in the spring* time of their youth.

Decyphering in a true Englisſh hi*ſtorie, thoſe particular vanities, that with* their froſtie vapours nip the bloſſoms of euery *ripe braine, from attaining to his in-*tended perfection.

As pleaſant, as profitable, being a right *pumice ſtone, apt to race out idleneſſe with* delight, and follie with *admonition.*

Rob. Greene in artibus Magiſter.

Omne tulit punctum.

LONDON
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To the right Worſhipfull, Thomas Burnaby *Eſquire*, *Robert Greene* wiſheth encreaſe of al honorable vertues.

SVch (right Worſhipfull) as coueted to decke the Temple of *Delphos*, adorned the ſhrine eyther with greene bayes, or curious inſtruments, becauſe *Apollo* did as well patronize Muſicke as Poetrie. When the *Troyans* ſought to pacifie the wrath of *Pallas*: the peoples preſents were books and launces, to ſignifie her deitie, as well defended by letters as armes. And they which deſired to be in the fauor of *Alexander*, brought him either wiſe Philoſophers or hardy Souldiours; for hee ſought counſellers like *Ariſtotle*, and captaines like *Perdycas*. Seeing then how giftes are the more gratefullie accepted, by how much the more they fit the humor of the party to whome they are preſented: deſirous a long time to gratifie your Worſhip with ſomething that might ſignifie, how in al bounden ductie. I haue for ſundry fauors bin affected to your Worſhip, and finding my ability to be vnfit to preſent you with any thing of woorth; at laſt I reſolued ſo farre to preſume as to trouble your Worſhip wyth

the patronage of this Pamphlet, knowing you are ſuch a *Mæcenas* of learning, that you will as ſoone vouch with *Auguſtus* a few verſes, giuen by a poor Greeke as of the Arabian Courſer, preſented by *Tyrinius*. The Booke is little, yet drawen from a large principle, *Nunquam ſera eſt ad bonos mores via*: wherin I haue diſcouered ſo artificially the fraudulent effects of *Venus* trumperies, and ſo plainly as in a platforme, laide open the preiudiciall pleaſures of loue, that Gentlemen may ſee, that as the Diamond is beauteous to the ſight, and yet deadly poyſon to the ſtomacke, that as the Bacan leafe containeth both the Antidote, and the Aconiton, ſo loue (vnleſſe only grounded vpon vertue) breedeth more diſparagement to the credit than content to the fancy. If then (right Worſhipfull) out of this confuſed Chaos Gentlemen ſhall gather any principles, whereby to direct their actions, and that from raſh and reſolute mainteners of *Venus* hereſies they become reformed champions to defend *Veſtaes* philoſophies. Then all the profit and pleaſure that ſhall redound to them by this Pamphlet ſhall be attributed to your Worſhip, as to the man, by whoſe meanes this *Nunquam ſera* came to light. Hoping therfore your Worſhip wil with a fauorable inſight enter more into the mind of the giuer than the woorth of the gift, I commit your Worſhip vnto the Almightie.

Your Worſhips humbly to commaund,
Rob. Greene.

To

To the Gentlemen Readers.

Such Gentlemẽ as had their eares filld with the harmony of Orpheus *harp, could not abide th' arſh muſick of* Hiparchions *pipe; yet the* Theſſalians *would allowe the poore fidler licenſe to frolick it among ſhepheards. Though no pictures could got for currant with* Alexander, *but ſuch as paſt through* Apelles *penſill, yet poore men had their houſes ſhadowed with* Phidias *courſe colours.* Ennius *was called a Poet as well as* Virgil, *and* Vulcan *with his polt foote friskt with* Venus *as well as* Mars. *Gentlemen, if I preſume to preſent you as hethertoo I haue done with friuolous toyes; yet for that I ſtretch my ſtrings as hie as I can; if you praiſe me not with* Orpheus, *hiſſe me not out with* Hiparchion: *if I I paint not with* Apelles, *yet ſcrape not out my ſhadowes with diſgrace; if I ſtirre my ſtumpes with* Vulcan, *though it bee lamely done, yet thinke it is a daunce: ſo if my* Nunquam ſera eſt *pleaſe not; yet I pray you paſſe it ouer with patience, and ſay tis a booke. So hoping I ſhall finde you as euer I haue done, I end.*

Robert Greene.

A Madrigale to wanton Louers.

You that by Alcidalions ſiluer brookes
Sit and ſigh out the paſſions of your loue,
That on your Goddeſſe beauties feede your lookes,
And pamper vp ſweete Venus wanton Doue,
That ſeeke to ſit by Cupids ſcorching fire,
And dally in the fountaines of deſire.

You that accompt no heauen like Venus ſpheare,
That thinke each dimple in your Miſtreſſe chin
Earths paradice, that deeme her golden haire
Treſſes of bliſſe wherein to wander in:
That ſigh and court ſuppliant all to proue,
Cupid is God, and there no heauen but Loue.

Come ſee the worke that Greene hath ſlilie wrought,
Take but his Nunquam ſera in your view,
As in a myrrour there is deeply taught
The wanton vices of prowd fancies crew,
There is depainted by moſt curious art,
How loue and follie iumpe in euery part.

There may you ſee repentance all in blacke,
Scourging the forward paſſions of fond youth,
How fading pleaſures end in diſmall wracke,
How louers ioyes are tempred all with ruth,
Sith then his Nunquam ſera yeeldes ſuch gaines,
Reade it, and thanke the Author for his paines.

Ralph Sidley.

[illegible]

IF Horace *satyres merit mickle praise,*
For taunting such as liu'd in Paphos *Ile,*
If wise Propertius *was in elder dayes*
Laureat for figuring out fond Venus *wile:*
If Rome *applauded* Ouids *pleasing verse,*
That did the salues that medcine loue rehearse.

Then English Gentles stoope and gather bayes,
Make coronets of Floraes *proudest flowers,*
As gifts for Greene *for he must haue the praise,*
And taste the deawes that high Parnassus *showers,*
As hauing leapt beyond olde Horace *straine,*
In taunting louers for their fruitlesse paine.

His Nunquam sera *more conceits combines,*
Than wanton Ouid *in his art did paint,*
And sharper satyres are within his lines,
Than Martial *soong prowd* Venus *to attaint,*
Reade then his art, and all his actions proue,
There is no follie like to foolish loue.

Richard Hake, Gent.

GREENES
Nunquam ſera eſt.

BEing reſident in *Bergamo*, not farre diſtant from *Venice*, ſitting vnder a cole ſhade that thē ſhrowded me from the extreme violence of the meridionall heate, hauing neuer a booke in my hand to beguile tyme, nor no patheticall impreſſion in my head to procure any ſecret meditation, I had ſlat fallen into a ſlumber, if I had not eſpied a traueller weary and deſolate, to haue bended his ſteppes towards me. Deſirous to ſhake off drowſineſſe with ſome companie I attended his arriuall; but as hee drewe necre, he ſeemed ſo quaint in his attire, and ſo conceited in his countenaunce, as I deemed the man eyther ſome penitent pilgrime that was very religious, or ſome deſpayring louer that had bin too too affectionate: For thus take his deſcription.

An Ode.

Downe the valley gan he tracke,
Bagge and bottle at his backe,
In a ſurcoate all of gray,
Such weare Palmers on the way,
When with ſcrip and ſtaffe they ſee
Ieſus *graue on* Caluarie,
A hat of ſtraw like a ſwaine

Shealter for the ſonne and raine,
With a ſcollop ſhell before:
Sandalls on his feete he were,
Legs were bare, armes vnclad,
Such attire this Palmer had.
His face faire like Titans *ſhine,*
Gray and boxſome were his eyne,
Whereout dropt pearles of ſorrow:
Such ſweete teares Loue doth borrow,
When in outward drawes ſhe plaines
Harts diſtreſſe that Louers paines:
Rubie lips, cherrie cheekes,
Such rare mixture Venus *ſeekes,*
When to keepe hir damſels quiet
Beautie ſets them downe their diet:
Adon' *was not thought more faire.*
Curled lockes of amber haire:
Lockes where Loue did ſit and twine
Nets to ſnare the gazers eyne:
Such a Palmer were was ſeene,
Leſſe loue himſelfe had Palmer beene.
Yet for all he was ſo quaint
Sorrow did his viſage taint.
Midſt the riches of his face,
Griefe decyphred hie diſgrace:
Euerie ſtep ſtraind a teare,
Sodaine ſighes ſhewd his feare:
And yet his feare by his ſight,
Ended in a ſtrange delight.
That his paſſions did approue,
Weedes and ſorrow were for loue.

Thus attired in his trauelling roabes and leueld out in the lineaments of his Phiſnomie, not ſeeing me that lay cloſe in the thicket hee ſate him downe vnder a Beech tree, where after he had taken vp his ſeate with a ſigh he began thus

thus to point out his passions.

Infortunate Palmer, whose wordes discouers thy woes, whose lookes thy sorrowes, whose sighes thy repentance: thou wandrest to bewaple thy sinne, that heretofore hast not wondred at the greatnesse of sinne; and seekest now by the sight of a strange Land, to satisfie those follies committed in thy Native home. Why, is there more grace in the East than in the West? is God more gracious in *Iewrie*, than mercifull in *England*? more fauourable to Palmers for their trauell, than pitifull to sinners for their penaunce? No, bee not so superstitious, least thou measuring his fauour by circumstaunce, bee punish thy faultes in seueritie. Ah, but the deepest sleers haue the sharpest corasiues, some sores can not be cured but by *Subhumatum*, and some offences as they beginne in content so they ende in sackcloth: I weare not this Palmers grap to challenge grace, nor seeke the holy Land to counteruaile the Lawe, nor am a Pilgrime to acquittance sinne with penaunce: but I content mee in this habite to shewe the meeknes of my hart, and trauel through many countries to make other men learne to beware by my harmes: for if I come amõgst youth, I will shew them that the finest buds are sonest nipt with frosts, the sweetest flowers sorest eaten with cankars, & the ripest & pongist wits sonest ouergrowen with follies: if I chance among Courtiers, I wil tel thẽ, that as the star Artophilex is brightest, yet setteth sonest; so their glories being most gorgeous, are dasht with sodainest ouerthrowes: if amõg scholliers, I wil proue that their Philosophical axiomes, their quiddities of Logicke, their aphorisms of art, are dissolued with this definit period *Omnia sub sole vanitas*. If amongst Louers, and with this the teares fell from his eyes, and the sighes flew from his hart, as if all should split again: If quoth he, (and he doubled his words with an Emphasis) I fall amõgst Louers, I will decypher to them that their God is a boy, as fond as he is blinde; their Goddesse a woman, inconstant, false,

flattring, like the windes that riſe in the ſhoares of *Lepanthus*, which in the morning ſend forth guſts frō the North, and in the Euening calmes from the Weſt; that their fancies are like Aprill ſhowers, begun with a Sunne ſhine, & ended in a ſtorme; their paſſions deep hels, their pleaſures Chimeraes portraitures, ſodaine iopes that appearing like Iuno, are nothing when Ixion toucheth them but duſkie & fading clowdes. Here he ſtopped, and toke his ſcrip from his backe, and his bottle from his ſide, and with ſuch cates as he had, as limons, apricocks and oliues, he began a palmers banquet, which digeſting with a cup of wine well tẽpred with water, after euerie draught he ſighed out this *Nunquam ſera eſt ad bonos mores via.* When he had taken his repaſt, caſting vp his eyes to heauen, as beeing thankfull for his benefites and ſorrowfull for his ſinnes, falling into a deepe meditation, after hee had a while lien as a man in a Traunce, he ſtarted vp ſodainly, and with a halfe chered countenance ſong out this Ode.

The Palmers Ode.

OLde Menalcas *on a day,*
As in field this ſhepheard lay.
Tuning of his oten pipe,
Which he hit with manie a ſtripe;
Said to Coridon *that hee*
Once was yong and full of glee,
Blithe and wanton was I then:
Such deſires follow men.
As I lay and kept my ſheepe,
Came the God that hateth ſleepe,
Clad in armour all of fire,
Hand in hand with Queene Deſire:
And with a dart that woundednie,
Pearſt my heart as I did lie:
That when I wooke I gan ſweare,

Phillis

Phillis beautie palme did beare.
Vp I ſtart, foorth went I,
With hir face to feede mine eye:
There I ſaw Deſire ſit,
That my heart with Loue had hit,
Laying foorth bright Beauties bookes
To intrap my gazing lookes.
Loue I did and gan to woe,
Pray and ſigh, all would not doe:
Women when they take the toy
Couet to be counted coy.
Coy ſhe was, and I gan court,
She thought Loue was but a ſport.
Profound Hell was in my thought,
Such a paine Deſire had wrought,
That ? ſued with ſighes and teares,
Still ingrate ſhe ſtopt hir eares,
Till my youth ? had ſpent.
Laſt a paſſion of Repent,
Tolde me flat that Deſire,
Was a brond of Loues fire,
Which conſumeth men in thrall,
Vertue, youth, wit, and all.
At this ſawe backe I ſtart,
Bet Deſire from my hart,
Shooke of Loue and made an oth,
To be enemie to both.
Olde I was when thus I fled,
Such fond toyes as cloyde my head.
But this I learnd at Vertues gate,
The way to good is neuer late.

Nunquam ſera eſt ad bonos mores via.

As ſoone as he had ended his Ode, he fell to his old principle Nunquam ſera eſt: and confirming it with a ſigh, he

roſe vp, & was ready to depart towards *Bergamo* to take vp his lodging, for the ſunne was declining towardes the Weſt.

But I deſirous to ſearch further into this paſſionate Palmer, croſt him the way with this ſalutation: Palmer (for ſo thy apparell diſcouers) and penitent, if thy inward heart agree with thy outward paſſions; if my queſtions may not aggrauate thy griefe, nor my demaund be tedious to thy trauels, let me craue of curteſie whither thou doſt bend the end of thy pilgrimage, that if thou hast ſlept awry, I may direct thee, or if thou knowest the countrey, I may wish *boone fortune* to thy iourney; for I haue all my life time coueted to be faithful to my friends and curteous to ſtrangers. The Palmer amazed at my ſodaine ſalutation ſtept backe and bent his browes, as if he feared ſome preiudice, or were offended at my preſence; but when hee ſaw me weaponleſſe, and without companie, and yet ſo affable in words and *debonaire* in exterior curteſies as might impoze a Gentleman, he deuoutly mooued his bonnet of grap, and made this reply.

Gentleman (for no leſſe you ſeeme) if the flower may be knowen by ſmel, or the man by his words. I am a Palmer, diſcouered by my grap, and a penitent, if you note my griefe, which ſorrow is as effectuall as my attire is little counterfeite, the direction of my iourney is not to *Ieruſalem*: for my faith telles me, Chriſt can draw as great fauour doune in *England* as in *Iericho*: and prayers are not heard for the place, but in the behalfe of the perſon hartilie repentant. My natiue home is *England*, the ende of my iourney is *Venice*, where I meane to viſit an olde friend of mine, an Engliſhman, to whome I haue beene long time indebted, and nowe meane parcely to repay with ſuch ſtore as I haue bought with hard experience. This night I will reſt in the next village, and thus I hope ſir you reſt ſatisfied.

This anſwere of the Palmer made mee the more deſi-

rous

rous to enquire into his state, that I intreted him I might be hoste to such a guest: and seeing I was resident in *Bergamo*, where that night he meant to harbour, such lodging as a country Gentleman could afford, and such cheere as such a village might on the sodaine yelde, should be at his commaund.

Well could this Palmer skill of courtesie, and returning mee many thankes, voucht of my proffer, and was willing to take my house for his Inne. As wee past on the way, wee chaunced to fall into parlie thus. Sir (quoth I) if I might with many questions not be offensiue, I woulde faine be inquisitiue to knowe, as you haue passed along *France*, *Germanie*, the *Rine*, and part of *Italie*; what you haue noted woorthie of memorie. Hooning his cappe as a man that was passing courteous, he answered thus: I tell you sir (quoth he) as a foolish question merites silence, so a familiar demaunde craues a friendly replie of duety, although Zeno the philosopher counted it more honour to be a silent naturalist, than an eloquent Oratour. But as I am not a Gymnosophist to iangle at euery Sophisticall Obiection, so I am not a seuere Stoicke to answeare but by Syllables, and therfore thus to your question.

After I had cut from *Douer* to *Calice*, I remembred what olde Homer writte of Vlysses, that he coueted, not onely to see strange Countries, but with a deepe insighte to haue a view into the manners of men: so I thought as I passed thorough *Paris*, not onelie to please mine eie, which the curious Architecture of the building, but with the diuerse disposition of the inhabitantes. I founde therfore the Court (for I aime first at the fayrest) to haue a King fit for so royall a Regiment, if hee had beene as perfect in true Religion, as politique in Martiall Discipline, the Courtiers, they as Aristippus fawnde vpon Dyonisius, turning like to the Camelcon into the likenesse of euerie Obiect that the King proffered to their

their humorous conceits, for if the king ſmiled euery one in the Court was in his iollitie, if he frowned, their plumes fell like the peacocks feathers, ſo that their outward preſence depended on his inward paſſions. Generally ſo, but particularly thus; the French Gentlemen are amorous, as ſoone perſwaded by the beauty of their miſtreſſe, to make a braule, as for the maintenance of religion, to enter armes: their eyes are like Salamander ſtones, that ſter at the light of euery flame; their hearts as queaſie as the mineralls of *Etna* that burne at the heate of the ſunne, and are quenche with the puffe of euery winde. They count it Courtlike to ſpende their youth in courting of Ladies, and their age in repenting of ſinnes, yet more forward in the one, than deuout in the other. They bandy glaunces vpon euery face, and as though they would approoue euery paſſion for a principle, they ſet downe the period with a deepe ſigh: yet, as the breath of a man vpon Iceile no ſooner lighteth on but it leapeth off, is the beginning and ending of their loues. Thus much for their amours. Now for their armes, they be hardy ſouldiors and reſolute. For their faith, friendſhip, religion, or other particular qualities, for there is a league betwixt vs & them: I wil ſpare to ſpeak, leaſt in being Satyricall, I ſhould plod too far with Diogenes, or in flattering their faults or their follies, I ſhold claw a ſoles ſhoulder with Dauus in Terence, ſkipping therefore from them to the Germans. Nay ſtay ſir (quoth I) before you paſſe the *Alpes*, giue me leaue to holde you an houre ſtill in *Lions*: for though you be a Palmer and religious, yet I hope ſuch deepe deuotion reſted not in you, but an ounce of Venus fauours hung in your eies, and when you had ſpent the morning in oriſons, you could in the afternoone lend a glaunce to a faire Lady. The egle ſoares not ſo hie in the aire, but he can ſpie a little fiſh in the ſea, the ſunne in Cancer goes retrograde, the coldeſt clime hath his ſummer, and Apollo was neuer ſo ſtoicall, but *ſemel in anno* he could let fall a ſmile; and the moſt ſeuere

pilgrime

pilgrime or palmer hath an eye well as a heart, and a looke to lend to beauty as a thought to bend to Theology. Therfore I pray you what thinke you of the French women: at this question although his grauity was great, yet with a pleasant countenance he made this reply: although fire is hote as well in the coldest region of the North, as in the furthest Southerne parallell, the grasse of the same colour in *Egypt* as it is in *Iewry*, and women where soeuer they be bred be *mala necessaria*, yet though their general essence be all one as comming from Eua, and therefore frowarde, inconstant, light, amorous, deceitfull, and *quid non*, better described by Mantuan than I can make description of: yet as the Diamonds in *India* be more harde than the Cornish stones in *England*, as the margarites of the west are more orient than the pearles of the South, so womens affections are effected after the disposition of the clime wherein they are borne although Auycen in his Aphorismes settes downe this conclusion, that thornes no where growe without pricks, nor nettles without stings; but leauing off these preambles, thus to your question. The women in *France* generally as concerning the exteriour liniaments of their outward perfection, are beautifull, as being westernly seated neere great *Brittaine* where nature sits & hatcheth beautrous paramours: yet although *natura naturans* hath shewed her cunning in their portraiture, as women that thinke nothing perfect that Arte hath not polished, they haue drugges of *Alexandria*, mineralls of *Egypt*, waters from *Tharsus*, paintings from *Spaine*: and what to doe forsooth? To make them more beautifull than vertuous, and more pleasing in the eies of men than delitefull in the sight of God, this is but their exterior vanitie that blemisheth their inward vertues, if they haue any, but more to their interior inclination. Some, as if they were votaries vnto Venus, and at their natiuities had no other influence, take no pleasure but in amorous passions no delight but in madrigales of loue, wetting Cupids winges

with roſe water, and tricking vp his quiuer with ſweete perfumes, they ſet out their faces as Foulers doo their daring glaſſes, that the Larks that ſoare higheſt may ſtoope ſoneſt, and aſſone as the poore louing fooles are wrapt within their nettes, then they ſue with ſighes, and plead with Sonnets, faine teares, & paint out paſſions to win her, that ſeeming to be coy, comes at the firſt lure: for when they ſée yong nouices intrapt, then the French dames are like to the people Hyperborei that ſpurning liquorice with their fét, ſecretly ſlake their hunger with the iuice therof; ſo they outwardly ſeming to contemne their ſutors motions, ſtand in deadly feare, leaſt they ſhuld leaue off their amorous paſſiõs: ſo that they haue loue in their eie-lids, ſo fléetly tacked on by fancy, as it drops off with euery dreame, and is ſhake off with euery vaine ſlumber. Some of thé are as Sapho was, ſubtile to allure, & ſlipperie to deceiue, hauing their hearts made of waxe ready to receiue euery impreſſion, not content till they haue as many louers as their hearts haue entrance for loue, and thoſe are like to pumice ſtones that are light & ful of holes. Some are as inconſtant as Creſſyda, that be Troilus neuer ſo true, yet, out of ſight out of mind: and aſ ſoone as Diomede begins to court, ſhe like *Venetian* traffique is for his penny, currant *à currendo*, ſterling coine paſſable from man to man in way of exchange. Others are as Lidia, cruell, whoſe harts are hammered in the forge of pride, thinking themſelues too good for all, and none worthie of them, and yet oft times neſtling all day in the ſunne with the bée-tle, are at night conſtred with a cowherd for ſhelter. Theſe haue eies of Baſiliſkes, that are preiudiciall to euery obiect, and hearts of Adamant not any way to be pierced: and yet I thinke, not dying maides, nor leading Apes in hel: for Veſtaes ſacrifice ceaſed long ſince in *Rome*, and Virgins are as rare as blacke ſwannes, opportunitie too ſore plea in Venus Court, able, I tell you, to ouerthrowe the coyeſt ſhe that is: I could inferre more particular inſtances, and diſtinguiſh more at large of the French Gentlewomen: but

let

let me leaue them to their humorous vanities, and reſolue our ſelues, that *Ireland* doth not onely bring forth wolues, nor *Egypt* Crocodiles, nor *Barbarie* Leopards, nor *France* ſuch qualified women, but as the earth yeldes weedes as well in the loweſt valleys, as in the higheſt mountains, ſo women are vniuerſally *malaneceſſaria*, whereſoeuer they be eyther bred or brought vp. With this concluſiue period he breathed him: ¶ I could not but ſmile to ſee the palmer ſhake his head at the fondneſſe of women, as a man that had bin galled with their ingratitude. Well, after he had pauſed a little, he left *France*, and began to talke of *Germany*, and that was thus: After I had left *Lions*, I paſſed vp the *Alpes*, and coaſted into *Germany*, where, as I found the Country ſeated vnder a cold clime, ſo I perceiued the people high-minded and fuller of words than of courteſie, giuen more to drincke than to deuotion: and yet ſundry places ſtuffed with ſchiſmes and herſies, as people that delight to be factious: there might you ſee their interior vanities more than their outward apparell did importe, and oft times their vaunts more than their manhode: for loue, as I ſaw Venus of no great accompt, yet ſhee had there a temple, and though they did not beautifie it with iewels, they plainely powred forth ſuch Orizons as did bewray, though they could not court it as the French did with art, yet their luſt was no leſſe, nor their liues more honeſt. Becauſe the people were little affable, I grewe not ſo farre inquiſitiue into their maunders and cuſtomes, but *ſiccopede* paſt them ouer, ſo that I trauelled vp as farre as *Vienna*, where I ſaw a thing worthie of memorie. In a Valley betweene two high mountaines topt with trees of marueilous verdure, whereby ran a fountaine pleaſant as well for the murmure of the ſtreames, as for the ſweetneſſe of waters, there was ſeituated a litle lodge artificially built, and at the doore, a man of verie great grauitie and no leſſe age, ſate leaning vpon his ſtaffe, ſo to take the

benefit of the aire & the ſunne, his haires were as white as the threeds of ſilke in *Arabia*, or as the Palme trees on the mount *Libanus*; many yeeres had made furrowes in his face, where experience ſate and ſeemed to tel forth oracles: deuotion apeared in his habite, & his outward cloth diſcouered his inward heart, that the old Hermit ſeemed in the world a reſolute deſpiſer of the world: ſtanding a while and wondring at this olde man, at laſt al reuerence doone that his yeeres did require, or my youth was bound vnto, after ſalutatiõs I queſtioned him of the order of his life, who anſwered me with ſuch curteſie and humilitie as I perceiued in his words the perfit Idea of a mortified man: after ſundry queſtions broken with *pro & contra*, at laſt he tooke me by the hand & caried me into his cell, where I found not thoſe Vtenſilia which Tully ſayes are neceſſary to be in euery cottage, but I found books and that of Theologie, a drinking cup, and that was full of water: a dead mans ſcul, an houre glaſſe, and a Bible, thus only was his houſe garniſhed. After he had ſate downe a litle, he looked me very earneſtly in the face, as a man that had ſome ſkil in phiſlognomy, to cenſure of the inward qualities by the outward appearãce, at laſt in rough hie Dutch verſes he thus breathed out his opinion, which I drew thus into blancke verſe.

The Hermites firſt exordium.

Here looke my ſonne for no vaineglorious ſhews
Of royall apparition for the eye,
Humble and meeke befitteth men of yeeres,
Behold my cell built in a ſilent ſhade,
Holding content for pouertie and peace,
And in my lodge is fealtie and faith,
Labour and loue vnited in one league.
I want not, for my minde affordeth wealth,
I know not enuie, for I climbe not hie:
Thus do I liue, and thus I meane to die.

Then

Then hee ſtept to his ſhelfe, and takes downe a deaths head, whereon looking as a man that meditated vpon ſome deepe matter, he ſhooke his head, and the teares ſtanding in his eyes, he proſecuted his matter thus.

If that the world preſents illuſions,
Or Sathan ſeekes to puffe me vp with pompe,
As man is fraile and apt to follow pride:
Then ſee my ſonne where I haue in my cell,
A dead mans ſcull which cals this ſtraight to mind
That as this is, ſo muſt my ending be.
When then I ſee that earth to earth muſt paſſe,
I ſigh, and ſay, all fleſh is like to graſſe.

After he had thus explained the reaſon why he kept the dead mans ſcull in his Cell, he reacht to his bower glaſſe, and vpon that he began thus to deſcant.

If care to liue, or ſweete delight in liſt,
As man deſires to ſee out manie daies,
Drawes me to liſten to the flattering world:
Then ſee my glaſſe which ſwiftly out doth runne,
Comparde to man, who dies ere he begins.
This tells me, time ſlackes not his poaſting courſe,
But as the glaſſe runnes out with euerie howre,
Some in their youth, ſome in their weakeſt age,
All ſure to die, but no man knowes his time.
By this I thinke, how vaine a thing is man,
Whoſe longeſt life is likened to a ſpar.

Laſtly, he tooke his Bible in his hand, whereupon leaning his arme he amplified thus.

When Sathan ſeekes to ſift me with his wiles,
Or proudly dares to giue a fierce aſſault,
To make a ſhipwracke of my faith with feares:

Then armde at all points to withſtand the ſie
With holy armour: heres the martiall ſword:
This booke, this bible, this two edged blade,
Whoſe ſweete content pierceth the gates of hell:
Decyphring lawes and diſcipline of warre,
To ouerthrowe the ſtrength of Sathans iarre.

Thus the Hermite diſcouered to mee the ſecrets of his Cell: and after, that I ſhould be priuie to all his Pathetical conceipts, hee brought foorth a fewe rotes, and ſuch ſimple diet as he had, to confirme that hee tyed Nature euerie waye within hir limits: wondring at the methode he vſed in his Cell, after I had taken my repaſt with him, as we met courteouſlie, we parted friendly; he with exhortations to beware of youths follies; I with thankes and reuerence to his aged yeares, for his graue and fatherly perſwaſion: ſo I went from his Cell to Vienna, and from thence coaſted vp into the borders of Italy.

The Palmer had ſcarce named *Italy*, but wee were come to my houſe, where I gaue him ſuch intertainment, as either the abilitie of my ſubſtaunce, the plentie of the Countrey, or the ſhortneſſe of the time could afoord: and becauſe I would euerie way grace him, I brought downe my wife to giue him a royall welcome; a fauour ſeldome ſhewed in *Italy*: yet becauſe hee was a Palmer and his profeſſion valued beautie at a light price, I did him that grace. To be ſhort, at laſt we ſate downe to ſupper, and there paſt the time with ſuch pleaſing chatt, as the pleaſant Palmer pleaſed to conferre vpon. Supper done, I deſired the Palmer to diſcourſe (if it were not offenſiue) what reaſon moued him to direct his Pilgrimage onely to *Venice?* Raiſing himſelfe vp with a ſmiling countenaunce he made this reply.

Courteous Gentleman, for ſo much your affable and liberall diſpoſition doth approoue. Iupiter when hee was inter-

interteined by poore Baucis, accounted ingratitude so heynous, as hee turnde their cottage to a Temple, and made them Sacrificers at his Altars: Hospitalitie is so precious, as no price may value. Then, if I should not graunt anie lawful demaund, I might seeme as little pliant to humanitie, as you vnable to courtesie: and therefore if the Gentlewoman your wife and you will sit vp to heare the discourses of a traueller, I will first rehearse you an English Historie acted and euented in my Countrey of England: but for that the Gentleman is yet liuing I will shadowe his name, although I manifest his follies; and when I haue made relation I will shew why I directed the course of my Pilgrimage onely to *Venice*. My Wife by his countenaunce seemed to be meruelous content, and my selfe kept silence: Whereupon the Palmer began as followeth.

The Palmers Tale.

IN thoſe dayes when Palmerin reigned King of great *Britaine*, famouſed for his deedes of Chiualrie, there dwelled in the Citie of Caerbranck; a Gentleman of an ancient houſe, called Franceſco a man whoſe parentage though it were worſhipfull, yet it was not indued with much wealth: in ſo much that his learning was better than his reuenewes, & his wit more beneficiall than his ſubſtance. This Signor Franceſco deſirous to bend the courſe of his compaſſe to ſome peaceable Port, ſpread no more cloath in the winde than might make eaſie ſaile, leaſt hoyſting vp too haſtely aboue the maine yeard, ſome ſodaine guſt might make him founder in the deep. Though he were young yet he was not raſh with Icarus to ſoare into the ſkie, but to crie out with olde Dedalus, *Medium tenere tutiſſimum*: treading his ſhoe without anie ſlip. He was ſo generally loued of the Citizens, that the richeſt Marchant or graueſt Burghmaſter would not refuſe to graunt him his daughter in mariage, hoping more of his inſuing fortunes, than of his preſent ſubſtance. At laſt, caſting his eye on a Gentlemans daughter that dwelt not far frō Caerbranck, he fell in loue, and proſecuted his ſute with ſuch affable courteſie, as the maide conſidering the vertue and wit of the man, was content to ſet vp her reſt with him, ſo that her fathers conſent might be at the knitting vp of the match. Franceſco thinking himſelfe cocke ſure, as a man that hoped his credite in the Citie might carrie away more than a country Gentlemans daughter, finding her father on a day at fit opportunitie, he made the motion about the grant of his daughters mari-

mariage. The olde churle that listened with both eares to such a question, did not in this *in vtramuis aurem dormire:* but leaning on his elbow, made present answere, that his dowrie required a greater feoffment than his lands were able to affoord. And vpon that, without farther debating of the matter, he rose vp, and hied him home, whether as soone as he came, he called his daughter before him, whose name was Isabel, to whom he vttered these words; Why Huswife quoth he, are you so idle tasked, that you stand vppon thornes while you haue a husband? are you no sooner hatched with the Lapwing, but you will runne away with the shell on your head? Soone prickes the tree that will proue a thorne, and a Girle that loues too soone, wil repent too late. What a husband? Why the Maides in *Rome* durst not looke at Venus temple till they were thirtie, nor went they vnmasked till they were maried; that neither their beauties might allure other, nor they glaunce their eyes on euerie wanton. I tell thee fond Girle, when Nilus ouerfloweth before his time, *Egipt* is plagued with a dearth: the trees that blossom in Februarie, are nipped with the frosts in May; vntimely frutes had neuer good fortune, & young Gentlewomen that are wooed and won ere they be wise, sorrow and repent before they be olde. What seest thou in Francesco, that thine eye must choose, and thy heart must fancie? Is he beautifull? Why fonde Girle, what the eye liketh at morne, it hateth at night: Loue is like a baubn, but a blaze; and Beautie, why how can I better compare it than to the gorgeous Cedar, that is onely for show and nothing for profite; to the apples of Tantalus, that are precious in the eye, and dust in the hand; to the starre Artophilex, that is most bright, but setteth not for anie compasse; so yong men that stand vpon their outward portraiture. I tel thee they are preiudicial: Demophon was faire, but how deals he with Phillis? Aeneas was a braue man but a dissembler: fond girle, all are but little worth, if they be not welthie. And I pray thee, what substance hath Fra-

ceſco to endue thée with? Haſt thou not heard, that want breakes amitie, that loue beginneth in golde and endeth in beggerie; that ſuch as marie but to a faire face, tie themſelues oft to a foule bargain? And what wilt thou doo with a huſband that is not able to maintain thée? buy forſooth a dram of pleaſure with a pound of ſorrowe, and a pint of content with a whole tunne of preiudiciall diſpleaſures? But why doo I caſt ſtones into the aire, or breath my words into the winde; when to perſwade a woman from her will is to roll Siſiphus ſtone; or to hale a headſtrong Girle from loue, is to tie the Furies againe in fetters. Therefore huſwife, to preuent all miſfortunes, I will be your Iayler. And with that, he carried her in and ſhut her vp in his owne chamber, not giuing her leaue to depart but when his key gaue her licenſe: yet at laſt ſhe ſo cunningly diſſembled, that ſhe gat thus farre libertie, not to bee cloſe priſoner, but to walke about the houſe; yet euerie night hee ſhut vp her cloathes, that no nightly feare of her eſcape might hinder his broken ſlumbers.

Where leauing her, let vs returne to Franceſco; who to his ſorrowe heard of all theſe hard fortunes: and being penſiue was full of manie paſſions, but almoſt in deſpayre; as a man that durſt not come nigh her Fathers doore, nor ſend anie letters whereby to comfort his Miſtreſſe, or to lay anie plot of her libertie: for no ſoner anie ſtranger came thether, but hee ſuſpitious they came from Franceſco, firſt ſent vp his Daughter into her chamber; then as watchfull as Argus with all his eyes, he pried into euerie particular geſture and behauiour of the partie: and if anie ielous humour tooke him in the head, he would not onely bee verie inquiſitiue with cutting queſtions, but would ſtraine courteſies and ſearch them very narrowly, whether they had anie letters or no to his Daughter Iſabel.

This narrow inquiſition made the poore Gentleman almoſt franticke, that he turned ouer *Anacreon*, *Ouid de Arte amandi*, and all bookes that might teach him any ſleights

of

of loue: but for all their principles, his own wit serued him for the best shift, and that was happely begun & fortunately ended thus; It chaunced that as her walked thus in his muses, fetching the compasse of his conceipt beyonde the Moone, he met with a poore woman that from doore to doore sought her liuing by charitie. The woman as her custome was, began her exordium with I pray good Master, & so forth, hoping to finde the Gentleman as liberall, as hee was full of gracious fauours: neither did she misse of her imagination; for he that thought her likely to be drawen on to the executing of his purpose, conceipted this, that golde was as good as glew to knit her to anie practise whatsoeuer, & therfore out with his purse, and clapt her in the hand with a French crowne. This vnaccustomed reward made made her more frank of her curtsies, that euerie rag reacht the Gentleman a reuerence with promise of many prayers for his health. He that harped on another string tooke the woman by the hand, & sitting down vpon the grene grasse, discourst vnto her from point to point the beginning & sequell of his loues, and how by no meanes (except by her) he could conuay anie letter. The begger desirous to do the Gentleman anie pleasure, said shee was readie to take anie paines that might redound to his content. Whereupon he replied thus; Then mother, thou shalt goe to yonder Abbey which is her fathers house, & when thou commest thether vse thy wonted eloquence to intreate for thine almes: if the master of the house be present, shewe thy passport, and seeme verie passionate: but if he be absent or out of ỹ way, then, oh then mother, looke about if thou sest Diana masking in the shape of a Virgin, if thou spiest Venus, nay one more beautifull than loues goddesse, & I tell thee she is my loue faire Isabel, whom thou shalt discerne from her other sister, thus: her visage is faire, conteining as great resemblance of vertue as liniaments of beautie, & yet I tell thee she is ful of fauor, whether thou respects the outward portraiture or inward perfection: her eye like the diamond, & so

pointed that it pearceth to the quick, yet ſo chaſt in the motion as therein is ſeene as in a myrrour courteſie tempred with a vertuous diſdaine: her countenance is the verie map of modeſtie, and to giue thée a more néere marke, if thou findeſt her in the way, thou ſhalt ſée her more liberall to beſtow, than thou pitifull to demaund, her name is Iſabell: to her from me ſhalt thou carrie a letter, foulded vp euerie way like thy paſport, with a greaſie backſide, and a great ſeale. If cunningly and cloſely thou canſt thus conuey vnto her the tenure of my minde, when thou bringeſt mee an anſwere, I wil giue thée a brace of Angels. The poore woman was glad of this proffer, and thereuppon promiſed to venter a point, but ſhee would further him in his loues: whereupon ſhe followed him to his chamber, & the whiles he writ a letter to this effect.

Signor Franceſco to faire *Iſabel.*

WHen I note faire Iſabel the extremitie of thy fortunes and meaſure the paſſions of my Loue, I finde that Venus hath made thée conſtant to requit my miſeries; and that where the greateſt onſet is giuen by fortune, there is ſtrongeſt defence made by affection: for I heard that thy father ſuſpitious, or rather ielous of our late vnited ſimpathie, dooth watch like Argos ouer Io, not ſuffring thee to paſſe beyonde the reach of his eye, vnles (as he thinkes) thou ſhouldeſt ouerreach thy ſelfe. His minde is like the Tapers in Ianus Temple, that ſette once on fire burne till they cõſume themſelues; his thoghts like the Sunne beames, that ſearch euerie ſecrete. Thus watching thée hee ouerwaketh himſelfe; and yet I hope profiteth as little as they which gaze on the flames of Aetna, which vaniſh out of their ſight in ſmoake.

I haue heard them ſay (faire Iſabell) that as the Diamondes are tryed by cutting of Glaſſe, the Topace by byding the force of the Anuetile, the Sethin Moode

by

by the hardneſſe, ſo womens excellence is diſcouered in their conſtancie. Then if the periode of all their vertues conſiſt in this, that they take in loue by monthes, and let it ſlip by minutes, that as the Tortoiſe they creepe pedetentim, and when they come to their reſt, will hardly be remooued. I hope thou wilt confirme in thy loues the very patterne of femenine loyaltie, hauing no motion in thy thoughts, but ſancte, and no affection, but to thy Franciſco. In that I am ſtopped from thy ſight, I am deprined of the chiefeſt Organ of my life, hauing no ſenſe in my ſelfe, perfect, in that I want the viewe of thy perfection, ready with ſorrow to periſh in diſpayre, if reſolued of thy conſtancie, I dio not triumph in hope. Therefore notwe reſtes it in thée to ſalue all theſe ſores and prouide medicines for theſe daungerous maladies, that our paſſions appeaſed, we may end our harmony in the faithfull vnion of two hearts. Thou ſeeſt loue hath his ſhifts, and Venus quiddities are moſt ſubtill ſophiſtry, that he which is touched with beauty, is euer in league with opportunitie: theſe principles are prooued by the meſſenger, whoſe face diſcouers my reſtleſſe thoughts, impatient of any longer repulſe. I haue therefore ſought to ouermatch thy father in pollicie, as he euer ſtraines vp in ielouſie, and ſeeing hee ſeekes it, to let him find a knot in a rush; ſo therefore I haue ſent thee the ſumme of my paſſions in the forme of a paſport, ſo returne mee a reply wrapt in the ſame paper, that as wee are forced to couer our ſecrets in one ſheet, ſo hereafter we may write our loues in one Simpathie: Appoint what I ſhall doe to compaſſe a priuate conference. Thinke I will account of the ſeas as Leander, of the wars as Troylus, of all dangers as a man reſolued to attempt any perill, or breake any preiudice for thy ſake. Say, when, and where I ſhall meete thee, and ſo as I begunne paſſionately, I breake off abruptly. Farewell.

Thine in fatall reſolution,

Seigneur Franciſco.

After hee had written the letter, and dispatcht the messenger his mind was so fixed on the grace of Angels, that she stirred her old stumpes till she came to the house of Seigneur Fregoso, who at that instant was walkt abroad to take view of his pastures. She no sooner beganne her methode of begging with a solempne prayer, and a *pater noster*. But Isabell, whose deuotion was euer bent to pity the poore, came to the doore, to see the necessity of the party, who beganne to salute her thus. Faire Mistresse, whose vertues exceede your beauties, and yet I doubt not but you deeme your perfection equiuolent with the rarest paragons in *Brittaine*, as your eye receiues the obiect of my miserie, so let your heart haue an insight into my extremities, who once was young, and then fauoured by fortunes, now olde and crossed by the destinies, driuen when I am weakest to the wal, and when I am worst fit to holde the candle. Seeing then the faultes of my youth hath fost the fall of mine age, and I am driuen in the winter of mine yeeres to abide the brunt of al stormes, let the plenty of your youth pay the want of my decrepite state; and the rather, because my fortune was once as hie as my fall is nowe lowe: for proofe, sweete Mistresse, see my passeporte, wherein you shall finde many passions and much patience: at which period, making a courtesie, her very ragges seemed to giue Isabell reuerence. She hearing the begger insinuate with such a sensible preamble, thought the woman had had some good partes in her, and therefore tooke her certificate, which as soone as she had opened, and that she perceiued it was Franciscoes hand, she smiled, and yet bewrayed a passion with a blush. So that stepping from the woman, she went into her chamber, where shee read it ouer with such pathetical impressions as euery motion was intangled with a dilemma: for on the one side, the loue of Francisco grounded more on his interiour vertues, than his exteriour beauties, gaue such fierce assaults to the bulwarke of her affection, as the

Fort

Fort was ready to bee yeelded vp, but that the feare of her fathers displeasure armed with the instigations of nature draue her to meditate thus with her selfe.

Now Isabell, Loue and Fortune hath brought thee into a Labyrinth, thy thoughts are like to Ianus pictures, that present both peace and warre, and thy mind like Venus Anuile, whereon is hammered both Feare and Hope. With then the chance lieth in thine owne choice, do not with Medea see and allow of the best, and then follow the worst: but of two extremes, if they be *Immediata*, chuse that may haue least preiudice and most profite. Thy father is aged, and wise, and many yeeres hath taught him much experience. The olde Fox is more subtile than the young Cub, the bucke more skilfull to choose his doore than the yong fawnes. Men of age learne and foresee that which youth leapeth at with repentance. If then his graue wisdome exceedes thy greene wit, and his ripened frutes thy sprowting blossoms, thinke if he speake for thy auaile, as his principles are perfect, so they are grounded on Loue and Nature. It is a neere collop, saies he, is cut out of the owne flesh, and the key of thy fortunes, is the staffe of his life: no doubt he sees with a more piercing iudgement into the life of Francesco: for thou ouercome with fancie, censurest of all his actions with partialitie. Francesco, though hee be young and beautifull, yet his reuenewes are not answerable to his fauours: the Cedar is faire, but vnfruitfull, the *Volga* a bigbt streame, but without fish: men couet rather to plant the Oliue for profite, than the Alder for beautie, and young Gentlewomen shoulde rather fancie to liue, than affect to lust: for lone without Landes, is like to a fier without fewell, that for a while sheweth a bigbt blaze, and in a moment dyeth in his owne cinders. Doost thou thinke this Isabell, that thine eye may not surfeit so with beautie, that the minde shall vomite vp repentaunce: yes, for the fairest Roses haue prickes, the purest Lawnes

their

their moles, the brightest Diamonds their crackes, and the most beautifull men of the most imperfect conditions, for nature having care to polish the body so faire, ouerweenes herselfe in her excellencie, that shee leaues their mindes vnperfect. Whither now Isabell, into absurd Aphorismes: what can thy father perswade thee to this, that the most glorious shelles haue not the most orient margarites, that the purest flowers haue not the most perfect sauours, that men, as they excell in proportion of bodie, so they exceede in perfection of minde? Is not nature both curious and absolute, hiding the most vertuous mindes in the most beautifull couertures. Why what of this fonde girle? suppose these premises be granted, yet they inferre no conclusion: for, suppose hee be beautifull and vertuous, and his wit is equall with his parentage, yet hee wantes wealth to maintaine loue, and therefore sapes olde Fregoso not worthy of Isabels loue. Shall I thē tie my affection to his lands or to his liniamēts? to his riches or his qualities? are Venus altars to be filled with gold or loialty of harts? Is the Sympathie of Cupids consistorie vnited in the abundance of coyne? Or the absolute perfection of constancie? Ah Isabell, thinke this, that loue lyketh no exception of want, that where fancie displayes her coulours there alwayes either Plentie keepes her Court, or else Patience so tempers euery extreame, that all defectes are supplied with content. Vpon this, as hauing a farther reach, and a deeper insight, she stept hastely to her standish, and writte him this answere.

Isabell to Francisco, health.

ALthough the nature of a father, and the duetie of a childe might moue me resolutely to reiect thy letters, yet I receyued them, for that thou art Francisco and I Isabell, who were once priuate in affection, as now we are distant in places. But know, my father, whose com-

commaund to me is a law of constraint, settes downe this censure, that loue without wealth is like to a Cedar tree without frute, or to corne sowen in the sands that withereth for want of moisture: and I haue reason Francesco to deeme of snow by the whitenesse, and of trees by the blossoms. The olde man whose wordes are Oracles tells me that loue that entreth in a moment, flieth out in a minute, that mens affections is like the deawe vpon a christall, which no sooner lighteth on, but it leapeth off: their eyes with euery glaunce make a newe choice, and euery looke can commaunde a sigh, hauing their heartes like Saltpeter, that fireth at the first, and yet proueth but a flash, their thoughts reaching as high as Cedars, but as brittle as rods that breake with euery blast: had *Carthage* beene bereft of so famous a Virago: if the beautious Troian had beene as constant as he was comely? Had the Queene of Poetry beene pinched with so many passions, if the wanton Ferriman had beene as faithfull as he was faire. No Francesco, and therefore seeing the brightest blossoms are pestred with most caterpillers, the sweetest Roses with the sharpest prickes, the fairest Cambrickes with the fowlest staines, and men with the best proportion, haue commonly least perfection. I may feare to swallowe the hooke, least I finde more bane in the confection, than pleasure in the baite. But here let me breath, and with sighes foresee mine owne follie. Women, poore soules, are like to the Harts in *Calabria*, that knowing Dictannum to be deadly, yet vse on it with greedinesse, resembling the fish Mugra, that seeing the hooke bare, yet swallowes it with delight. so women foresee, yet doo not preuent, knowing what is profitable, yet not eschewing the preiudice: so Francesco I see thy beauties, I knowe thy want, and I feare thy vanities, yet can I not but allowe of all, were they the woorst of all, because I finde in my minde this principle; in Loue is no lacke. What should I Francesco couet to dally with the Mouse when the Cat

ſtands by, or fill my letter full of needleſſe ambages when my father like Argos ſetteth a hundred eies to ouerpry my actions, while I am writing thy meſſenger ſtands at the doore praying. Therefore leaſt I ſhoulde holde her too long in her oriſons, or keepe the poore man too long in ſuſpence; thus briefly, Be vpon Thurſday next at night hard by the Orchard vnder the greateſt Oake, where expect my comming, and prouide for our ſafe paſſage: for ſtood all the worlde on the one ſide, and thou on the other, Franceſco ſhould be my guide to direct me whither hee pleaſed. Faile not then, vnleſſe thou bee falſe to her that would haue life faile, ere ſhe falſifie faith to thee.

Not hir owne, becauſe thine,
Iſabell.

AS ſoone as ſhee had diſpatcht her letter ſhee came downe, and deliuered the letter folded in forme of a paſſport to the meſſenger, giuing her after her accuſtomed manner an almes, and cloſely clapt her in the fiſt with a brace of Angelles, the woman thanking her good Maiſter, and her good miſtreſſe, giuing the houſe her beniſon, hied her backe againe to Franceſco, whō ſhe found ſiting ſollitary in his chamber: no ſooner did he ſpie hir, but ſtinging out of his chaire, he changēd coulour as a man in a doubtfull extaſie what ſhould betide: yet conceyuing good hope by her countenaunce, who ſmiled more at the remembrance of her reward than at any other conceit, he tooke the letter and read it, wherein he found his humour ſo fitted, that he not only thanked the meſſenger, but gaue her all the money in his purſe, ſo that ſhe returned ſo highly gratified, as neuer after ſhe was founde to exerciſe her old occupation. But leauing her to the hope of her huſwifrie againe to Franceſco, who ſeeing the conſtant affec-

tion

tion of his miſtreſſe, that neither the ſower lookes of her father, nor his hard threats could affright her, to make chaunge of her fancie, that no diſaſter fortune could driue her to make ſhipwracke of her fixed affection, that the bluſtering ſtormes of aduerſitie might aſſault, but not ſacke the force of her conſtant reſolution, hee fell into this pleaſing paſſion: Women (quoth he) whic as they are heauens wealth, ſo they are earthes myracles, framed by nature to deſpight beauty, adorned with the ſingularitie of proportion, to ſhowde the excellence of all perfection, as farre exceeding men in vertues as they excell them in beauties, reſembling Angells in qualities, as they are, like to gods in perfectneſſe, being purer in minde than in mould, and yet made of the puritie of man: iuſt they are, as giuing loue her due; conſtant, as holding Loyaltie more pretious than life; as hardly to be drawen from vnited affection, as the Salamanders fro the cauerns of *Ætna*. Tuſh quoth Franceſco, what ſhould I ſay they be women? and therefore the continents of all excellence. In this pleaſant humour he paſſed away the time, not ſlacking his buſineſſe for proviſion againſt thurſday at night; to the care of which affaires let vs leaue him and returne to Iſabell, who after ſhee had ſent her letter fell into a great dumpe, entring into the conſideration of mens inconſtancie, and of the fickleneſſe of their fancies, but all theſe meditations did ſort to no effect; whereupon ſitting downe, ſhe toke her Lute in her hand, and ſung this Ode.

Iſabells Ode.

Sitting by a riuer ſide,
Where a ſilent ſtreame did glide,
Bancket about with choice flowers,
Such as ſpring from Aprill ſhowers,
When faire Iris *ſmiling ſheawes*

All her riches in her dewes,
Thicke leaued trees so were planted,
As nor arte nor nature wanted,
Bordring all the broke with shade,
As if Venus there had made
By Floraes wile a curious bowre
To dally with her paramoure.
At this current as I gazde,
Eies intrapt, mind amazde,
I might see in my ken,
Such a flame as fireth men,
Such a fier as doth frie,
With one blaze both heart and eie,
Such a heate as doth proue
No heate like to heate of loue.
Bright she was, for twas a she
That tracde hir steps towards me:
On her head she ware a bay,
To fence Phœbus light away:
In hir face one might descrie
The curious beauty of the skie,
Her eies carried darts of fier,
Feathred all with swift desier,
Yet foorth these fierie darts did passe
Pearled teares as bright as glasse,
That wonder twas in her eine
Fire and water should combine:
If th'old saw did not borrow,
Fier is loue, and water sorrow,
Downe she sate pale and sad,
No mirth in hir looks she had,
Face and eies shewd distresse,
Inward sighes discourst no lesse:
Head on hand might I see
Elbow leaned on hir knee,
Last she breathed out this saw,

Oh

Oh that loue hath no law;
Loue inforceth with constraint,
Loue delighteth in complaint.
Who so loues hateth his life:
For loues peace is mindes strife.
Loue doth fede on beauties fire,
Euerie dish sawst with care:
Chiefly women, reason why,
Loue is hatcht in their eye:
Thence it steppeth to the hart,
There it poysoneth euerie part:
Minde and heart, eye and thought,
Till sweete loue their woe hath wrought.
Then repentant they gan crie,
Oh my heart that trowed mine eye.
Thus she said and then she rose,
Face and minde both full of woes:
Flinging thence with this saw,
Fie on loue that hath no law.

Hauing finished her Ode, she heard that her father was come in; and therefore leauing hir amorous instrumente, she fell to her labour, to confirme the olde prouerbe in her fathers ielous head, *Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus:* but as warpe as she was, yet the old goose could spie the gosling winke, and would not by anie meanes trust her, but vsed his accustomed manner of restraint: yet, as it is impossible for the smoake to be concealed, or fire to be suppressed; so Fregoso could by no subtill drifres so warely watch his transformed Io, but she found a Mercurie to release her. For vpon the thursday lying in her bed with little intent to sleepe, she offered manie sighes to Venus that she would be Oratresse to Morpheus that some dead slumber might possesse all the house; which fel out accordingly, so that at midnight she rose vp & finding her apparell shut vp, she was faine to goe without hose, onely in her smocke

and her peticoate with her fathers hat and an olde cloake. Thus attired like Diana in her night gere, shee marcheth downe softly, where she found Francesco readie with a priuate and familiar frend of his to watch her comming forth, who casting his eye aside, & seeing one in a hat and a cloake, suspecting some treacherie drew his sword, at which Isabel smiling she incountred him thus.

Gentle sir, if you be as valiant as you seeme cholaricke, or as martiall as you would be thought hardie; set not vpon a weaponlesse woman, least in thinking to triumph in so meane a conquest, you be preiudicte with the taint of cowardise. Twas neueryet read, that warlicke Mars drew his fawchion against louely Venus, were her offence neuer great, or his choller neuer so much. Therefore Gentleman if you be the man I take you, Isabels Francesco, leaue off your armes and fall to amours, and let your parlie in them be as short, as the night is silent, and the time dangerous. Francesco seeing it was the Paramour of his affections, let fall his sword, and caught her in his armes, readie to fall in a swound by a sodaine extasie of ioy: at last recouering his senses, he encountred her thus.

Faire Isabel, Natures ouermatch in beautie, as you are Dianas superior in vertue: at the sight of this attire, I drew my sword, as fearing some priuie foe; but as sone as the view of your perfection glaunced as an obiect to mine eye, I let fal mine armes, trembling as Acteon did, that he had dared to farre in gazing against so gorgeous a Goddesse: yet readie in the defence of your sweet selfe, and rather than I would lose so rich a prize, not onely to take vp my weapons, but to incounter hand to hand with the stoutest champion in the world. Sir (quoth she) these protestations are now bootlesse: and therefore to bee briefe, thus (and with that the teares trickled downe the vermilion of her cheeks, and she blubbred out this passion) O Francesco, thou maist see by my attire the depth of my fancie, and in these homely roabes maist thou noate the restlesnesse of my fortunes,

that

that for thy loue haue straind a note too high in loue. I offend nature as repugnant to my father, whose displeasure I haue purchast to please thée; I haue giuen a finall farewell to my friends, to be thy familiar; I haue lost all hope of preferment, to confirme the simpathie of both our desires: Ah Francesco, sée I come thus poore in apparell, to make thée rich in content. Now if hereafter (oh let me sigh at that, least I be forced to repent too late) when thy eye is glutted with my beautie, and thy hotte loue prooued soone colde, thou begin'st to hate hir that thus loueth thee, and prouue as Demophon did to Phillis, or as Aeneas did to Dido: what then maye I doo reiected, but accurse mine owne folly, that hath brought me to such hard fortunes. Giue me leaue Francesco, to feare what may fall: for men are as inconstant in performance, as cunning in practises. She could not fully discourse what she was about to utter; but he broke off with this protestation. Ah Isabel, although the windes of *Lepanthos* are euer inconstant, the Chiseroll euer brittle, the Polype euer changeable; yet measure not my minde by others motions, nor the depth of my affection by the fleeting of others fancies; for as there is a Topare that will yéeld to euerie stamp, so there is an Emerald that will yéeld to no impression. The selfe same *Troy*, as it had an Aeneas that was fickle, so it had a Troylus that was constant. *Greece* had a Piramus, as it had a Demophon; and though some haue béen ingratefull, yet accuse not all to be vnthankful: for when Francesco shall let his eye slip frō thy beautie, or his thoughts from thy qualities, or his heart from thy vertues, or his whole selfe from euer honouring thée: then shal heauen cease to haue starres, the earth trées, the world Elements, and euerie thing reuersed shall fall to their former Chaos.

Why then (quoth Isabel) to horsebacke, for feare the faith of two such Louers be impeached by my fathers wakefull iealousie. And with that (poore woman) halfe naked as she was, she mounted, and as fast as horse would

pace

pace away they poſt towards a towne in the ſaid Countrey of *Britaine* called *Dunecaſtrum*. Where let vs leaue them in their falſe gallop, and returne to old Fregoſo, who riſing early in the morning, and miſſing his Daughter, aſked for her through the whole houſe: but ſeeing none could diſcouer where ſhe was, aſſured of her eſcape, he cried out as a man halfe Lunaticke, that he was by Franceſco robbed of his onely iewell. Whereupon in a deſpayring furie he cauſed all his men and his tenaunts to mount them, and to diſperſe themſelues euerie one with hue and crie for the recouerie of his daughter, he himſelfe being horſt, and riding the readie way to *Dunecaſtrum*. Where hee no ſooner came, but fortune meaning to dally with the olde dotard, and to preſent him a boane to gnaw on, brought it ſo to paſſe that as he came riding downe the towne, he met Franceſco and his daughter comming from the Church, which although it pierced him to the quicke, and ſtrainde euerie ſtring of his heart to the higheſt noate of ſorrow, yet he concealed it till he toke his Inne; and then ſtumbling as faſt as he could to the Mayors houſe of the towne, he reuealed vnto him the whole cauſe of his diſtreſſe, requiring his fauour for the clapping vp of this vnruly Gentleman, and to make the matter the more famous, hee accuſed him of felonie, that he had not onely contrarie to the cuſtome bereft him of his daughter againſt his wil, but with his daughter had taken away certaine plate. This euidence cauſed the Mayor ſtraight garded with his Officers to march downe with Fregoſo to the place where Iſabel and her Franceſco were at breakfaſt, little thinking poore ſoules ſuch a ſharp ſtorme ſhould follow ſo quiet a calme: but fortune would haue it ſo. And therefore as they were carrowſing each to other in a ſweete frolicke of hoped for content, the Mayor ruſht in, and apprehended him of felonie; which braue the poore perplexed louers into ſuch a dumpe, that they ſtood as the pictures that Perſeus with his ſhield turnde into ſtones. Franceſco preſently with a ſharpe inſight entred into the cauſe,

and

and perceiued it was the drift of the olde fore his father in lawe: wherefore he toke it with the more patience. But Isabel seeing her new husband so handled, fell in a swound for sorrow, which could not preuaile with the Seriants, but they conueyed him to prison, and her to the Mayors house. As soone as this was done, Fregoso as a man carelesse what should become of them in a straunge Countrey, toke horse and rode home, bee past melancholy, and these remained sorrowfull, especially Isabel: who after shee had almost blubbred out her eyes for griefe, fell at length into this passion.

Infortunate Isabel, and therefore infortunate because thy sorrowes are more than thy peares, and thy distresse too heauie for the prime of thy youth. Are the heauens so vnruld, the starres so dismal, the planets so iniurious, that they haue more contrarie oppositions than fauourable aspects? that their influence doth infuse more prejudice than they cã inferre profite? Then no doubt if their motions be so maligne, Saturne conspiring with all his balefull signes, calculated the hower of thy birth full of disaster accidents. Ah Isabel, thou maist see the birds that are hatched in Winter, are nipt with euerie storme; such as flie against the Sunne are either scorched or blinded; & those that repugne against nature, are euer crost by fortune. Thy father foresaw these euills, and warned thee by experience; thou reiectedst his counsaile, and therefore art bitten with repentaunce: such as loke not before they leape, ofte fall into the ditch; and they that scorne their parents, cannot auoyd punishment. The yong Tygers followe the braying of their olde sire, the tender Fawnes chose their foode by the olde Bucke: These brute beasts and without reason stray not from the limits of nature; thou a woman and endued with reason, art therefore thus sorrowfull, because thou hast bin vnnaturall.

Whether now Isabel? What, like the shrubbes of *India* parched with euerie storme? Wilt thou resemble the

 browes

brookes of Caruia, that drie vp with euerie Sunne-shine? Shall one blast of Fortune blemish all thy affection? one frown of thy father infringe thy loue toward thy husband? Wilt thou bee so inconstant at the first, that hast promised to bee loyall euer? If thou beest daunted on thy marriage day, thou wilt be fleeting hereafter. Didst thou not choose him for his vertues, and now wilt thou refuse him for his hard fortunes? Is hee not thy husband? yes: and therefore more deere to thee than is thy Father. I Isabel, and vpon that resolue, least hauing so faithfull a Troilus, thou proue as hatefull a Cressyda: sorrowe Isabel, but not that thou hast followed Francesco: but that Francesco by thee is fallen into such misfortunes: seeke to mitigate his maladies by thy patience, not to incense his griefe with thy passions: courage is knowen in extremities, womanhood in distresse: and as the Chrisolite is proued in the fire, the diamond by the anuill; so loue is tried, not by the fauour of Fortune, but by the aduersitie of Time. Therefore Isabel, *Feras, non culpes, quòd vitari non potes*, and with Tully resolue thus:

Puto rerum humanarum nihil esse firmum: Ita nec in prosperis lætitia gestes, nec in aduersis dolore concides.

With this she held her peace and rested silent, so behauing her selfe in the Mayors house with such modestie and patience, that as they held her for a paragon of beautie, so they counted her for a spectacle of vertue: thinking her outward proportion was farre inferiour to her inward perfection: so that generally she wan the hearts of the whole house, in that they pitied her case, and wished her libertie. Insomuch that Francesco was the better vsed for hir sake: who being imprisoned, greeued not at his owne sinister mishap, but sorowed for the fortune of Isabel, passing both day and night with manie extreame passions, to thinke on the distresse of his beloued paramour. Fortune who had wrought this tragedie, intending to shewe that her frunt is as full of fa-

uours

uours as of frownes; and that shee holdes a dimple in her cheeke, as she hath a wrinckle in her brow, began thus in a Comicall vaine to bee pleasant. After manie daies were passed, and that the Mayor had entred into the good demenor of them both, noting that it proceeded rather of the displeasure of her father, than for auie special desart of felonie, seeing youth would haue his swinge, and that as the mineralls of Aetna stooue fire, as the leaues in Parthia burne with the Sunne; so yong yeares are incident to the heate of loue, and affection will burst into such amorous parties. He, not as Chremes in Terence, measuring the flames of youth by his dead cinders, but thinking of their present fortunes by the follies of his former age, called a Conuenticle of his Brethren, and seeing ther was none to giue any further euidence, thought to let Francesco lose. Hauing their free consent, the next day, taking Isabel with him, hee went to the Iayle, where they heard such rare reports of the behauiour of Francesco, that they sorrowed not so much at his fortunes, as they wondred at his vertues: for the Iayler discourst vnto them, how as he was greatly passionate, so he vsed great patience, hauing this vers oft in his mouth

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

That he was affable and courteous, winning al, and offending none, that all his house as they greeued at his imprisonment, would be sorrie at his enlargement; not for enuie of his person, but for sorrowe of his absence. The Iaylour thus commending the Gentleman, conducted them to the chamber doore where Francesco lay, whom they found in secret meditation with himselfe: therefore they stayed, and were silent auditors to his passions. The first word they heard him breath out with a sigh was this,

Soafrir me plaist, cur l'espoir me conforte.

And with that taking a Citterne in his hand, saying this note

Pour paruenir l'endure:

He warbled out this Ode.

Francescos Ode.

When I looke about the place
Where ſorrow nurſeth up diſgrace,
Wrapt within a folde of cares,
Whoſe diſtreſſe no heart ſpares:
Eyes might looke, but ſee no light,
Heart might thinke but on deſpight,
Sonne did ſhine, but not on me:
Sorrow ſaid it may not be,
That heart or eye ſhould once poſſeſſe
Anie ſalue to cure diſtreſſe:
For men in priſon muſt ſuppoſe
Their couches are the beds of woes.
Seeing this I ſighed then,
Fortune thus ſhould puniſh men.
But when I calde to minde her face
For whoſe loue I brooke this place,
Starrie eyes whereat my ſight,
Did eclipſe with much delight,
Eyes that lighten and doo ſhine,
Beames of loue that are diuine,
Lilly cheekes whereon beſide
Buds of roſes ſhew their pride,
Cherrie lips which did ſpeake
Words that made all hearts to breake;
Words moſt ſweete, for breath was ſweete,
Such perfume for loue is meete.
Precious words, as hard to tell
Which more pleaſed wit or ſmell.
When I ſaw my greateſt paines
Grow for hir that beautie ſtaines.
Fortune thus I did reproue,
Nothing griefefull growes from loue.

Hauing

Hauing thus chanted ouer his Ode, he heard the chamber doze open; whereupon he grew melancholie, but when he saw the goddesse of his affection, on whose constant loyalty depended, the essence of his happines, he started vp as when loue-sicke Mars saw Venus entring his pauilion in triumph, entertaining them all generally with such affabilitie, & her particularly with such courtesie, that he shewed himselfe as ful of nurture as of nature. Interchange of intertainment thus past betweene these two louers, as well with emphasis of woyds as extasie of mindes, concluding with streams of pathetical teares. The Payor at last entred parlee, & told Francesco, though his father in law had alledged felony against him, yet because he perceiued that it rather proceeded of some secret reuenge, than any manifest trueth, and that no further euidence came to censure the allegation, he was content to set him at libertie, conditionally, Francesco should giue his hand to be answerable to what hereafter in that behalfe might be obiected against him. These conditions accepted, Francesco was set at libertie, and he and Isabell, ioyntly together taking themselues to a little cottage, began to be as Ceremoniall as they were amorous; with their hands thrift coueting to satisfie their hearts thirst, and to be as diligent in labours, as they were affectionate in loues: so that the parish wherin they liued, so affected them for the course of their life, that they were counted the very mirrours of a Democraticall methode: for hee being a Scholler, and nurst vp in the Vniuersities, resolued rather to liue by his wit, than any way to be pinched with want, thinking this olde sentence to be true, that wishers and woulders were neuer good housholders, therefore he applied himselfe to teaching of a Schoole, where, by his industry he had, not onelie great fauour, but gote wealth to withstand fortune. Isabel, that she might seeme no lesse profitable than her husband careful, fel to her needle, and with her worke sought to preuent the iniurie of necessitie. Thus they laboured to

maintaine their loues, being as buſie as bées, and as true as Turties, as deſirous to ſatiſfie the worlde with their deſert, as to ſerue the humours of their owne deſires. Liuing thus in a league of vnited vertues, out of this mutuall concorde of confirmed perfection, they had a ſonne anſwerable to their owne proportion, which did increaſe their amitie, ſo as the ſight of their young infant was a double ratifying of their affection. Fortune and Loue thus ioyning in league to make theſe parties to forget the ſtormes that had nipped the bloſſomes of their former peers, adioined to the content of their loues this concluſion of bliſſe. After the tearme of fiue yeares Seigneur Fregoſo hearing by ſundry reports the fame of their forwardneſſe, howe Franceſco caried to be moſt louing to his daughter, and ſhe moſt dutifull to him, and both ſtriue to exceede one an other in loyalty, glad at this mutuall agréement hee fell from the fury of his former melancholie paſſions, and ſatiſfied him ſelfe with a contented patience, that at laſt he directed letters to his ſonne in lawe, that he ſhould make repayre to his houſe with his daughter. Which newes was no ſooner come to the eares of this married couple; but prouiding for all things neceſſary for the furniture of their voyage they paſſed as faſt as they coulde towardes *Caerbrancke*, where ſpeedily arriuing at their fathers houſe they found ſuch friendly intertainement at the olde mans hand, that they counted this ſmile of Fortune able to counteruaile all the contrarie ſtormes, that the aduerſe planets had inflicted vpon them. Seated thus, as they thought, ſo ſurely, as no ſiniſter chaunce, or diſmall influence might remoue. She that is conſtant in nothing but inconſtancie, beganne in faire ſkie to produce a tempeſt thus.

It ſo chanced that Franceſco had neceſſarie buſineſſe to diſpatch certaine his vrgent affaires at the chiefe city of that Iland called *Troynouant*; thither with leaue of his father, and farewell to his wife, he departed after they

were

were married seuen yeeres: where after he was arriued, knowing that he should make his abode there, for the space of some nine weeks he solde his horse and hired him a chamber, carefully endeauouring to make speedie dispatch of his affaires, that he might the sooner enioy the sight of his desired Isabel: for if he sée any woman beautiful, hee viewed her with a sigh, thinking howe farre his wife did surpasse her in excellence: were the modestie of any woman well noted by her qualities it grieued him, hee was not at home with his Isabel, who did excell them all in vertues.

Thus hee construed all to her perfection, hauing no vacant time, neither day nor night wherein he did not ruminate on the perfection of his Isabell. As thus his thoughts were diuided on his businesse, and on his wife, looking one day out at his Chamber windowe hee espied a young Gentlewoman which looked out at a casement right opposite against his prospect, who fixed her eies vpon him with such cunning and artificiall glances, as she shewed in them a chaste disdaine, and yet amodest desire. Where (by the way Gentlemen) let me say this much, that our curtizans of *Troynouant* are far superiour in artificiall allurement to them of all the world, for although they haue not the painting of *Italie*, nor the charms of *France*, nor the ieuelles of *Spaine*, yet they haue in their eies adamants that will draw youth as the Iet the straw, or the sight of the Panther the Crocke their looks are like lures that will reclaime, and like Cyrces apparitions, that can represent in them all motions: they containe modestie, mirth, chastitie, wantonnes, and what not, and she that holdeth in her eie most ciuilitie, hath oft in hir heart most dishonestie, being like the pyrit stone, that is, fier without and frost within. Such a one was this merry minion, whose honestie was as choice as Venus chastitie, being as faire as Helena and as faithlesse, as well featured as Cressida

and

and as craftie; hauing an eie for euery passenger, a sigh for euerie louer, a smile for euery one that valde his bonnet: and because shee loued the game well, a quiuer for euerie woodmans arrowe. This courtisan seeing this countrey Francesco was no other but a meere nouice, & that so newly, that to vse the old prouerb, he had scarce seene the lions. She thought to intrap him and so arrest him with her amorous glances that shee would wring him by the purse wherevpon euery day she would out at hir casement stand, and there discouer her beauties. Francesco, who was like the Flie that delighted in the flame, and coueted to feed his eie on this beauteous Courtisan tilted at her with interchange of glaunces, and on a day to trie the finesse of his wit, with a poeticall fury, began thus to make a Canzone.

Canzone.

As then the Sun sate lordly in his pride,
Not shadowed with the vale of any cloude:
The Welkin had no racke that seemd to glide,
No duskie vapour did bright Phœbus *shrouds:*
No blemish did eclipse the beauteous skie
From setting forth heauens secret searching eie.
No blustring winde did shake the shadie trees,
Each leafe lay still and silent in the wood,
The birds were musicall, the labouring Bees
That in the sommer heapes their winters good,
Plied to their hiues sweete honey from those flowers,
Whereout the serpent strengthens all his powers.
The lion laid and stretcht him in the lawnes,
No storme did hold the Leopard fro his pray,
The fallow fields were full of wanton fawnes,
The plough-swaines neuer saw a fairer day,
For euery beast and bird did take delight
To see the quiet heauens to shine so bright.

When

When thus the Windes lay sleeping in the caues,
The ayre was silent in her concaue sphere,
And Neptune *with a calme did please his slaues,*
Ready to wash the neuer drenched Beare:
Then did the change of my affects begin,
And wanton loue assaid to snare me in,
Leaning my backe against a lostie pine,
Whose top did checke the pride of all the aire,
Fixing my thoughts, and with my thoughts mine eine
Vpon the sunne, the fairest of all faire:
What thing made God so faire as this, quoth I?
And thus I musde vntill I darke mine eie.
Finding the sunne too glorious for my sight,
I glaunst my looke to shun so bright a lampe,
With that appeare an obiect twice as bright,
So gorgeous as my senses all were dampt.
In Ida *richer beautie did not win*
When lonely Venus *shewd her siluer skin.*
Her pace was like to Iunoes *pompous traines,*
When as she sweeps through heuens brasse paued way,
Hir front was powdred through with azurde vaines,
That twixt sweet Roses and faire lillies lay,
Reflecting such a mixture from her face,
As tainted Venus *beautie with disgrace.*
Artophilex the brightest of the stars
Was not so orient as her christall eies,
Wherein triumphant sit both peace and wars,
From out whose arches such sweete fauours flies,
As might reclaime Mars *in his highest rage,*
As beauties charge his fury to assuage.
The diamond gleames not more reflecting lights
Painted with fiery pyramides to shine,
Than are those flames that burnish in our sights,
Darting fire out the christall of her eine,
Able to set Narcissus *thoughts on fier*
Although he swore him foe to sweete desier.

Gasing vpon this lemman with mine eie,
I felt my sight vaile bonnet to her lookes,
So deepe a passion to my heart did flie,
As I was trapt within her luring lookes,
Forst to confesse before that I had done,
Her beauty farre more brighter than the Sunne.

Francesco hauing thus in a poeticall humour pleased his fancie, when his leisure serued him woulde to make proofe of his constancie interchange amorous glaunces with this faire curtisan, whose name was Infida, thinking his inward affections were so surely grounded on the vertues of his Isabel, that no exterior proportion could effect any passion to the contrary: but at last he found by experience, that the fairest blossomes, are soonest nipt with frost, the best fruite soonest touched with Caterpillers, and the ripest wittes most apt to be ouerthrowen by loue. Infida taught him with her lookes to learne this, that the eie of the Basilisk pierceth with preiudice; that the iuice of Celidonie is sweete, but it fretteth deadly; that Cyrces cuppes were too strong for all antidotes, and womens flatteries too forceable to resist at voluntarie: for shee so snared him in the fauours of her face, that his eie beganne to censure partially of her perfection, insomuch, that he thought her second to Isabel, if not superiour. Dallying thus wyth beautie as the flie in the flame: Venus willing to shewe how forceable her influence was, so tempred with opportunitie, that as Francesco walked abroad to take the ayre, he met with Infida gadding abroad with certaine hir companions, who like blazing starres shewed the markes of inconstant minions; for she no sooner drew neere Francesco, but dying her face with a Vermillion blush, and in a wanton eie hiding a fained modesty, shee saluted him with a lowe courtesie. Seigneur Francesco that coulde well skill to court all kinde of degrees, least he might then be

thought

thought to haue little manners, returned, not onely her courtesies with his bonnet, but taking Infida by the hand beganne thus. Faire mistresse, and if mine eie be not deceiued in so bright an obiect, mine ouerthwart neighbour: hauing often seene with delight, and coueted with desire to be acquainted with your swecte selfe; I can not now but gratulate fortune with many thankes that hath offered such fit opportunitie to bring me to your presence, hoping I shall finde you so friendly, as to craue that wee may be more familiar. She that knewe howe to entertaine such a young nouice made him this cunning replie. Indeede sir, neighborhoode craues charitie, and such affable Gentlemen as your selfe deserues rather to be entertained with courtesie than reiected with disdaine. Therfore sir, what priuate friendship mine honour or honestie may afford you aboue all (that hitherto I haue knowne) shall commaund. Then Mistera (quoth hee) for that euery man counts it credite to haue a patronesse of his fortunes, and I am a meere straunger in this Citie: let mee finde such fauour, that all my actions may be shrowded vnder your excellence, and carrie the name of your seruant, ready for requitall of such gratious countenaunce to vnsheath my sworde in the defence of my patronesse for euer. She that had her humour fitted with this motion, answered thus, with a luke that had beene able to haue forced Troylus to haue beene trothlesse to his Cressida: How kindly I take it Seigneur Francesco, for so I vnderstand your name, that you proffer your seruice to so meane a Mistresse, the effectuall fauours that shall to my poore abilitie gratifie your curtesie, shall manifest how I accompt of such a friend. Therfore from henceforth Infida intertains Francesco for her seruant: & I (quoth he) accept of the beauteous Infida as my Mistresse. Upon this they fell into other amorous prattle which I leaue off, and walked abroad while it was dinner time. Frãcesco stil hauing

his eie vpon his new mistresse, whose beauties he thought, if they were equally tempered with vertues, to exceede all that yet his eie had made survey of. Dooting thus on this newe face with a new fancie, hee often wooing her by the hand, and brake off his sentences, with such deepe sighes, that she perceiued by the Weather-cocke where the winde blewe: returning such amorous passions, as she seemed as much intangled, as he was enamoured. Well, thinking now that she had bayted her hooke, shee would not cease while she had fully caught the fish, she beganne thus to lay the traine. When they were come neere to the City gates, she stayed on a sodaine, & trapping him hard by the hand, and glauncing a looke from her eies, as if she would both shew fauour, and craue affection, she began thus smilingly to assault him.

Seruant, the Lawyers say the *assumpsit* is neuer good, where the parties grant not somewhat in consideration; that seruice is voide, where it is not made fast by some fee. Least therefore your eie should make your minde variable as mens thoughts follow their sights, and their lookes wauer at the excellence of new obiects, and so I loose such a seruant: to tie you to ye stake with an earnest, you shall this day be my guest at dinner. Then if hereafter you forget your mistresse, I shal appeale at the barre of Loyaltie, and so condemne you of lightnes. Francesco that was tied by the eies, & had his hart on his halfpeny, could not deny her, but with many thāks accepted of her motion, so that agreed they went all to Infidaes house to dinner; where they had such cheere as could vpon the sodaine be prouided. Infida giuing him such friendly & familiar intertainement at his repast, aswel with sweet parrle, as with amorous glances, that he rested captiue within the labyrinth of hir flatteries. After dinner was done, that she might tie him from starting, she thought to set all her wits vpon Ela. Therfore she tooke a Lute in her hand, and in an angelicall harmonie warbled out this conceited dittie.

Infidas

Infidas song.

SWeet *Adon* darſt not glaunce thine eye
N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy,
Vpon thy *Venus* that muſt die,
Ie vous en prie, pitie me:
N'oſeres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy.

See how ſad thy *Venus* lies,
N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy,
Loue in heart and teares in eyes.
Ie vous en prie, pitie me:
N'oſeres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy face as faire as *Paphos* brookes,
N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy,
Wherein fancie baites her hookes,
Ie vous en prie, pitie me:
N'oſeres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy cheekes like cherries that doo growe
N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy,
Amongſt the Weſterne mounts of ſnowe,
Ie vous en prie, pitie me:
N'oſeres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oſeres vous mon bel amy.

Thy lips vermilion, full of loue,
N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy,
Thy necke as ſiluer, white as doue,
Ie vous en prie, pitie me:
N'oſeres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy.

Thine eyes like flames of holie fires,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.
Burnes all my thoughts with sweete desires,
Ie vous en prie, pitie me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

All thy beauties sting my hart,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
I must die through *Cupids* dart,
Ie vous en prie, pitie me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous mon bel amy.

Wilt thou let thy *Venus* die,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Adon were vnkinde say I,
Ie vous en prie, pitie me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

To let faire *Venus* die for woe,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
That doth loue sweete *Adon* so,
Ie vous en prie, pitie me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

While thus Infida sung her song, Francesco sate, as if with Orpheus melodie he had been inchaunted, hauing his eyes fixed on her face, and his eares attendant on her Musicke, so that he yéelded to that Syren which after forst him to a fatal shipwrack: Infida laying away her lute after fell to other prattle. But because it grew late in the afternoone, Francesco that was called away by his vrgent affairs, tooke his leaue: whereat Infida seemed verie melancholy, which made

made our yong ſcholler halfe mad yet with a ſolempne con-
ge departing he went about his buſines: whereas our cun-
ning Curtizan ſeeing her nouice gone, began to ſmile, and
ſaid to her companions, that ſhee had made a good market
that had caught ſuch a tame fole. Alas poore yong Gentle-
man (quoth ſhe) he is like to the leaues in Egipt, that as
they ſpring without raine, ſo they burne at the light of the
fire: or to the ſwallowes, that thinke euerie Sunne ſhyne
a Summers daye. Hee was neuer long waxter in Venus
Court, that counts euerie ſmile a fauour, and euerie laugh
to be true loue: but tis no matter, he hath ſtore of pence, &
I will ſell him manie paſſions, vntill I leaue him as emp-
tie of coyne, as my ſelfe is void of fancie. And thus leauing
her ieſting at her new intertained ſeruant, againe to Fran-
ceſco, who after he had made diſpatch of his buſineſſe, got
him home to his lodging: where ſitting ſolitarie in his
chamber, he began to call to remembrance the perfections
of his new Miſtreſſe, the excellent proportion of her Phiſ-
nomie, her ſtature, voyce, geſture, vertues (as he thought)
ruminating vpon euerie part with a plaudite. At laſt, as he
was in this pleaſing ſuppoſe, he remembred his ſweete I-
ſabel, whoſe beautie and vertue was once ſo precious, that
betweene his old loue, and his new fancie, he fell into theſe
paſſions. Ah Franceſco, whether art thou caried with new
conceits: ſhal thy fruites be more ſubiects to the Northern
blaſts, than thy bloſſomes? ſhal thy middle age be more ful
of folly, than thy tender yeres? wilt thou loue in thy youth,
and luſt when thy dayes are halfe ſpent? Men ſay, that the
Cedar, the elder it is, the ſtraighter it growes; that Nar-
ciſſus flowers the higher they ſpring, the more glorious is
their hiew: and ſo ſhoulde Gentlemen as they exceede in
yeres excell in vertues: but thou Franceſco are like to the
Halciones, which being hatcht white as milke, grow to be
as blacke as Jeate; the yong ſtorkes haue a muſical voyce,
but the old a fearfull ſound. When thou wert of ſmall age
men honored thee for thy qualities, & now in yeares, ſhall

they

they hate thée for thy vices. But to what ende tendes this large preamble to checke thy fondneſſe, that muſt leaue to loue, and learne to luſt? What leaue to loue Iſabel, whoſe beautie is deuine, whoſe vertues rare, whoſe chaſtitie loyall, whoſe conſtancie vntainted? And for whom? for the loue of ſome vnknowen Curtizan. Conſider this Franceſco, Iſabel for thy ſake hath left her parents, forſaken her friends, reiected the world, and was content rather to hazk pouertie with thée, than poſſeſſe wealth with her father. Is ſhee not faire to content thine eye, vertuous to allure thy minde? nay, is ſhe not thy wife, to whom thou art bound by lawe, loue, and conſcience: and yet wilt thou ſtart from her? what frō Iſabel? Didſt thou not vowe that the heauens ſhould be without lampes, the earth without beaſts, the world without Elements, before Iſabel ſhould be forſaken of her Franceſco? And wilt thou proue as falſe, as ſhe is faithfull? Shall ſhe like Dido crie out againſt Aeneas? like Phillis againſt Demophon? like Ariadne againſt Theſeus? and thou be canonized in the Chronicles, for a man full of periurie. Oh conſider Franceſco whome thou ſhalt loſe if thou loſeſt Iſabel, and what thou ſhalt gaine, if thou winneſt Infida: the one being a louing wife, the other a flattring Courtiſan. Haſt thou read Ariſtotle, and findeſt thou not in his Philoſophie, this ſentence ſet downe.

Omne animal irrationale ad ſui ſimilem diligendum natura dirigitur.

And wilt thou that art a creature indued with reaſon as thou art, excelling them in wiſedome, excéde them in vanities? Haſt thou turnd ouer the liberall ſciences as a ſcholer, and amongſt them all haſt not found this general principle, that vnitie is the eſſence of amitie, and yet wilt thou make a diuiſion in the greateſt ſimpathie of all loues. Nay Franceſco, art thou a Chriſtian, and haſt taſted of the ſweet fruites of Theologie, and haſt not read this in holy writ, pend downe by that miracle of wiſedome Salomon, that he which is wiſe ſhould reiect the ſtrange woman, and not

regard

regard not the ſweetneſſe of hir flattrie:

Deſire not the beautie of a ſtrange woman in thy heart, nor be not intrapped in her eye liddes:

For through a whoriſh woman, a man is brought to a morſell of bread, and a woman will hunt for the precious life of a man.

Can a man take fire in his boſome, & not be burnt? Or can a man tread vpon coales, and not be ſcorched?

So he that goeth to his neighbors wife, ſhall not be innocent whoſoeuer toucheth her.

Men do not deſpiſe a theefe when hee ſtealeth to ſatisfie his ſoule: but if he be found he ſhall reſtore ſeuen folde or giue all the ſubſtaunce of his houſe.

But he that committeth adultrie with a woman, he is deſtitute of vnderſtanding: hee that doeth it, deſtroyeth his owne ſoule.

He ſhall finde a wound and diſhonour, and his reproach ſhall neuer be put away.

If then Franceſco, Theologie tells thee ſuch axiomes, wilt thou ſtriue againſt the ſtreame? and with the deere ſeede againſt the winde? Wilt thou ſwallow vp ſinne with greedines, that thou maiſt be puniſhed without repentance? No Franceſco, home to the wife of thy youth, and drinke the pleaſaunt waters of thine owne well. And what of all theſe friuolous circumſtances? Wilt thou meaſure euerie action with philoſophie, or euerie thought with Diuinitie? Then ſhalt thou liue in the world, as a man hated in the world. What Franceſco, hee that is afraid of euerie buſh, ſhal neuer proue good huntſman, and he that at euerie guſt puts to the Lee ſhall neuer be good Nauigetor. Thou art now Franceſco to be a Louer, not a Diuine; to meaſure thy affections by Ouids principles, not by rules of Theologie: and time preſent wills thee to loue Inſida, when thou canſt not looke on Iſabel, diſtance of place is a diſcharge of dutie, and men haue their faits, as they are ful of fancies. What the blind eates manie a flie, and much water runnes by the

mill that the Miller neuer knowes of; the euill that the eye ſées not the heart rues not, *Caſtè ſi non caſtè*: Tuſh Franceſco, Iſabel hath not Lynceus eyes, to ſée ſo farre. Therefore while thou art reſident in *Lõdon*, enioy the beautie of Infida, and when thou art at home onely content thée with Iſabel: ſo with a ſmall fault ſhalt thou fully ſatiſfie thine own affection. Thus Franceſco ſwéthed himſelfe, and did *In vtramuis aurem dormire*, caring little for his good, as long as he might pleaſe his newe Goddeſſe; and making no exception of a wife, ſo he might bee accepted of his paramour. To effect therefore the deſired end of his affects, he made himſelfe as neate and quaint as might be, and hied him to his newe Miſtreſſe houſe, to put in practiſe that which himſelfe had purpoſed; whether in the afternoone arriuing, he vnderſtood by her chamber maide that ſhe was at home and ſolitarie: by her therefore hee was conducted to Infidas cloſet, wher he found her ſéeming melancholy, and thus awaked her from her dumpes.

Fair Miſtres, haile to your perſon, quiet to your thoghts and content to your deſires. At my firſt comming into your chãber, ſéeing you ſit ſo melancholy, I thought either Diana ſate muſing on the principles of her modeſtie, or Venus malecontent dumping on her amours; for the ſhewe of your vertues repreſents the one, & the excellence of your beauties diſcouers the other: but at laſt when the gliſter of your beautie ſurpaſſing thẽ both, reflected like the pride of Phœbus on my face, I perceiued it was my good Miſtres, that diſcontented ſate in her dumpes: wherefore as your bounden ſeruant, if either my woord or ſwoord may frée you from theſe paſſions, I am here readie in all actions howſoeuer preiudiciall, to ſhew the effect of my affection. Infida glad to ſée her Louer in this Labyrinth; wherein to binde him ſure, ſhe taking him by the hand, made this wilie anſwere.

Sweéte ſeruant, how diſcontent ſoeuer I ſéeme, diſmay not you; for your welcome is ſuch as you can wiſh, or the

the ſincerities of my heart affoyd: womens dumps growe not euer of a preiudicial miſhap, but oftimes of ſome ſuperficiall melancholy, inforced with a frowne, and ſhaken off with a ſmile; hauing ſorrow in their faces, and pleaſure in their heart; reſembling the leaues of the liquorice, that when they are moſt full of drawe without, are then moſt dry within. I tell you ſeruant, women are wily cattle, & therefore haue I choſen ſo good a heardſman as your ſelfe, that what our wantonnes offends, your wiſedome may amend. But truſt me Franceſco, were I wronged by Fortune, or iniured by anie foe, the promiſe of ſuch a Champion were ſufficient to arme me with diſdaine againſt both: but reſt ſatisfied, your preſence hath baniſhed all paſſions: and therefore you may ſée ſeruant, you are the Loadſtone, by whoſe vertue my thoughts take all their direction. Bering thus pleaſant, ſhe ſate Franceſco downe by her, & hand in hand interchanged amorous glaunces. But he that was abaſht to diſcouer his minde, in that ſome ſparkes of honeſtie ſtill remained in his heart, ſate tormented with loue and feare, pricke forward by the one to diſcourſe his deſires, kept backe by the other from uttring his affections. Thus in a quandarie, he ſate like one of Meduſaes changlings, til Infida ſéeing him in this ſodaine amaze, began thus to ſhake him out of his paſſions.

Now Signor Franceſco, I ſée the olde adage is not alwayes true, *Conſulenti numquam caput doluit*: for you that earſt alledged perſwaſions of mirth, are now ouergrowen with melancholy. When a extreame Stormе followes a pleaſant calme, then t he effectes are Metaphyſicall, and where ſuch a violent dumpe of cares is ſequence to ſuch an extaſie of ioyes, either I muſt attribute it to ſome apoplexy of ſenſes, or ſome ſtrange alteration of paſſions. Franceſco the ouer dampt by hath the greateſt heate, fire ſuppreſt is moſt forceable, the ſtreames ſtopt, either breake through or ouerflow; and ſorrowes concealed as they are moſt paſſionate, ſo they are moſt peremptorie.

What Francesco? spit on thy hand, and lay holde on thy hart, one pound of care payes not an ounce of debt, a friend to reueale is a medcine to relieue, discouer thy griefe, and if I be not able to redresse with wealth, although what I haue, is at thy commaund, yet I will attempt with counsaile, either to perswade thee from passions, or intreat thee to patience: say Francesco, and feare not, for as I will be a friendly counseller, so I will be a faithfull concealer. Our young Gentleman hearing Infida apply such lenatiue plaisters to his cutting corasiues, thought the patient had great hope when the phisition was so friendly, be therefore with a demure countenance beginning louer like his preamble with a deepe sigh courted her thus.

Faire Mistresse (quoth hee) if I faile in my speaches, thinke it is, because I faint in my passions, being as timorous to offend as I am amorous to attempt, when the obiect is offered to the sense, the sight is hindred, *Sensibile sensui oppositum, nulla fit sensatio:* Mars could neuer play the Orator when he wrong Venus by the hands: nor Tullie tell his tale when his thoughts were in Terentiaes eyes: Louers are like to the Heban blossomes that open with the beame, and shut with the sunne, so they in presence of their Mistresse haue their tongues tied, and their eies open, pleading with the one, and being silent in the other, which one describeth thus.

Alter in alterius iactantes lumina vultus,
Quærebant taciti noster vbi esset amor.

Therefore, sweete Infida, what my tongue vtters not, thinke conceited in my hart, and then thus: since first my good fortune, if thou fauourest me, or my aduerse destinies, if I finde the contrary, brought me to *Troynouant*, and that these ouervaring eies were intertained into those gorgeous obiects, knowe that Cupid lying at aduantage so snared mee in thy perfections, that euer since euery sense hath

hath rested imperfect. For when I marked thy face, more beauteous than Venus, I surueid it with a sigh, and mine eie purtrayed it with a passion, when I noted thy vertues, then my mind rested captiue, when I heard thy wit, I did not onely wonder, but I was so wrapt in the laborinth of thine excellēce, that no starre but Infida could be the guide whereby to direct my course. Sith then, faire Mistresse, you, and none but you, haue robd me of my affections, harbour not in such a sweete body a hard heart, but doe mee iustice, let me haue loue for loue, least I complaine my destinies not to be equiualent to my desires, and thinke my fortunes to be sharper than my loues. Thinke Infida falts in affections, are but sleight follies; Venus hath shrines to shadow her trewants, and Cupids wings are shelters for such as venter farre to content their thoughts. Sins vnsēene, are halfe pardoned; and Loue requires not chastitie, but that her souldiours be charie. Then thinke (sweete Infida) if thou graunt my desire, how carefull I will be of thy honour, rather readie to abide the preiudice of life, than to broke the disparagement of thy fame: In lieu therefore of my loyall seruice, grant me that sweete gift, which as it begins in amitie, can no way take ende but in death: otherwise I shall bee forced to accurse my fortunes, accuse thy frowardnesse, and expect no other hap, but a life full of miseries, or a death full of martyrdome. With this passion ending his plea, he dissolued into such sighes, that it discouered his inward affection not to be lesse than his outward protestation. Infida noting the perplexitie of her Louer, conceited his griefe with great ioy: yet that she might not be thought to forward, she seemed thus froward; and although her thoughts were more than his desires, and that her mind was no lesse than his motion, yet pulling her hand from his, she made this frowning replie.

What Francesco, when the Tygre hunteth for his pray, doth he then hide his clawes? Is the pyrit stone then most hote, when it looketh most colde? Are men so subtile,

that when they ſeeme moſt holy, they are fartheſt from god, can they vnder the ſhadow of vertue couer the ſubſtance of vanitie, & like Ianus be double faced, repreſent both faith & flattery. I had thought (ſeruant) whē I entertained thee for thy courteſie: I ſhould not haue had occaſion to ſhake thee off for thy boldnes: nor when I like thee for thy affable ſimplicity I ſhould haue miſliked thee for thy ſecret ſubtilty: What Franceſco, to deſire ſuch a grant as may, if thou wert wiſe, neither ſtand with thy honeſty to incline, nor with my honor to effect. Tel me Franceſco, hath either my countenance bin ſo ouercurteous, that it might promiſe ſuch ſmall curioſity, or my looks ſo laſciuious that thou mighteſt hope to find me ſo lewish, or my actions ſo wauering, or my diſpoſition ſo full of vanitie that my honor might ſeeme ſoone to be aſſaulted, & ſoon ſacked. If I haue (Franceſco) bin faulty in theſe follies, then will I ſeek to amend wherin thou ſaieſt I haue made offence; if not, but that thou thinkeſt, for that I am a woman, I am eaſie to be wonne, with promiſes of loue and proteſtations of loyaltie, thou arte (ſweet ſeruant) in a wrong box, and ſitteſt far beſide the cuſhion; for I paſſe of my honor more than life, & couet rather to haue the title of honeſtie, than the dignitie of a diademe: ceaſe then, vnleſſe thou wilt ſurceaſe to haue my fauor, and content thee with this, that Infida allowes of thee for loue, not for luſt: & yet if ſhe ſhould treade her ſhoo awrie, would rather perſwade the ſpoile of her honor to her ſeruant, than to the greateſt prince of the world. Franceſco, though he was a nouice in theſe affaires, and was nipped on the head with this ſharp repulſe, yet he was not ſo to take the ſhowne for the firſt ſtorme, nor ſo ill a woodman to giue ouer the chace at ꝑ firſt default, but that he proſecuted his purpoſe thus. I am ſory (faire goddeſſe of my deuotion) if my preſumption hath giuē any offence to my ſweet miſtreſſe, for rather than I ſhould but procure a frown in hir forehead: I would haue a deep wound in my own hart, coueting rather to ſuppreſs my paſſions with death, than to diſparage my credite

with

with so good a patronesse. Therfore although my destinies be extreame, my affection great, and my loues such as can take no end, but in your fauours, yet I rest vpon this, Infida hath commanded me to cease, and I will not dare so much as to prosecute my sute, although euerie passion should be a purgatorie, and euery dayes deniall a moneths punishment in hell: with that he set downe his period with such a sigh, that as the Marriners say, a man would haue thought all would haue split againe. This cunning Curtizan beeing afraid, with this checke to haue quatted the queazie stomacke of her louer, desirous to draw to her that with both hands, which she had thrust away with her little finger, began to be pleasant with Francisco, thus.

What seruant, are you such a fresh water souldier, that you faint at the first skirmish? feare not man, you haue not to deale with Mars, but with Venus: and her darts of deniall as they pricke sharpe, so they pierce little, and her thũderbolts doo afright, not preiudice. Feare not man, a womans heart and her tongue are not relatiues; tis not euer true, that what the heart thinketh the tongue clacketh. Venus stormes are tempred with Rose water, and when shee hath the greatest wrinkle in her browe, then shee hath the sweetest dimple in her chin: be blithe man, a faint heart neuer wonne faire Ladie. Francesco hearing his Mistresse thus pleasant, tooke opportunitie by the forhead, and dealt so with his Infida, that before hee went all was well, shee blusht not, nor hee basht, but both made vp their market with a faire of kisses: which simpathie of affections, bred the poore Gentlemans ouerthrow; for he was so snared in the wily tramels of her alluring flatterie, that neither the remembrance of his Isabel, the care of his childe, the fauor of his friendes, or the feare of his discredit, coulde in auie wise hale him from that hell, whereinto through his owne follie, he was fallen.

Where, by the way (Gentlemen) let vs note the subtiltie of these Syrens, that with their false harmonie perswade

ſwade, and then preiudice; who bewitch like Calipſo, and inchaunt like Circes, carying a ſhowe as if they were Veſtalls, and could with Amulia carrie water in a ſiue, when they are flat Curtizans, as farre from honeſtie, as they are from deuotion. At the firſt, they carrie a faire ſhew, reſembling Caliſto, who hid hir vanities vb Dianas vaile, hauing in their lookes a coy diſdaine, but in their hearts a hote deſire, denying with the tongue, and enticing wyth their lookes, reiecting in wordes, and alluring in geſtures, and ſuch a one (gentlemen) was Infida, who ſo plied Franceſco with her flattering fawnes, that as the pyon followes the adamant, the ſtraw the Iet, and the Heliotropion the beames of the ſunne. ſo his actions were directed after her eie, and what ſhe ſaide ſtoode for a principle, inſomuch, that he was not onely readie in all ſubmiſſe humours to pleaſe her fancies, but willing for the leaſt worde of offence, to draw his weapon againſt the ſtouteſt champion in al *Troynouant*. Thus ſeated in her beauty hee liued a long while, forgetting his returne to *Caerbrancke*, till on a day ſitting muſing with himſelfe, he fell into a deepe conſideration of his former fortunes and preſent follies; whereupon taking his Lute in his hand he ſoong this Roundley.

Franceſcoes Roundeley.

Sitting and ſighing in my ſecret muſe,
As once Apollo *did ſurpriſde with loue,*
Noting the ſlippery wayes young yeeres do vſe
What fond affects the prime of youth doth moue,
With bitter teares deſpairing I do crie,
Woworth the faults and follies of mine eie.
When wanton age the bloſſoms of my time
Drewe me to gaze vpon the gorgeous ſight
That beauty pompous in her higheſt prime,
Preſents to tangle men with ſweete delight,

Then

Then with deſpairing teares my thoughts do crie,
Woworth the faults and follies of mine eie.

When I ſurueid the riches of her looks,
Whereout flew flames of neuer quencht deſire,
Wherein lay baites, that Venus *ſnares with hookes,*
Oh where proud Cupid *ſate all armde with fire:*
Then toucht with loue my inward ſoule did crie,
Woworth the faults and follies of mine eie.

The milke-white Galaxia *of her brow,*
Where loue doth daunce la voltas *of his skill,*
Like to the Temple where true louers vow
To follow what ſhall pleaſe their Miſtreſſe will,
Noting her iuorie front, now do I crie,
Woworth the faults and follies of mine eie.

Hir face like ſiluer Luna *in hir ſhine,*
All tainted through with bright Vermillion ſtraines,
Like lillies dipt in Bacchus *choiceſt wine,*
Powdred and interſeamd with azurde vaines,
Delighting in their pride now may I crie,
Woworth the faults and follies of mine eie.

The golden wyers that checkers in the day,
Inferiour to the treſſes of her haire,
Hir amber trammells did my heart diſmay,
That when I looke I durſt not ouer dare:
Proud of her pride now am I forſt to crie,
Woworth the faults and follies of mine eie.

These fading beauties drew me on to sin
Natures great riches framde my bitter ruth,
These were the trappes that loue did snare me in,
Oh, these, and none but these haue wrackt my youth,
Misled by them I may dispairing crie.
Woworth the faults and follies of mine eie.

By these I slipt from vertues holy tracke,
That leades vnto the highest christall sphere,
By these I fell to vanitie and wracke,
And as a man forlorne with sin and feare,
Despaire and sorrow doth constraine me crie,
Woworth the faults and follies of mine eie.

Although this sonnet was of his ready inuention, and that he vttered it in bitternesse of minde, yet after he had past ouer his melancholy, and from his solitarie was fallen into companie, he forgate this patheticall impression of vertue, and like the dogge did *redire ad vomitum*, and fell to his owne vomite, resembling those Gretians, that with Vlysses drinking of Cyrces drugges, lost both forme and memorie: Well his affaires were done, his horse solde, and no other businesse now rested to hinder him from hying home, but his Mistresse which was such a violent detayner of his person, and thoughts, that there is no heauen but Infidaes house, where although hee pleasantly entred in with delight, yet cowardly he slipt away with repentance. Well, leauing him to his new loues, at last to Isabell, who daily expected the comming home of her best beloued Francesco, thinking euery houre a peare, till she might see him, in whome rested all her content. But when (poore soule) shee coulde neither seede her sighe with his presence, nor her eares with his letters, she began to lower and grew so discontent, that shee fell into a feuer.

Fortune

Fortune that meant to trie his patience thought to proue her with these tragicall newes: It was tolde her by certaine Gentlemen her friends, who were her husbands priuate familiars, that he meant to soiorne most part of the peere in *Troymount*: one blunt fellowe amongest the rest that was playne and wythout falshoode, tolde her the whole cause of his residence, howe hee was in loue wyth a most beautifull Gentlewoman called Infida, and that so deepely, that no perswasion might reuoke him from that alluring curtizan. At this Isabell made no accompt, but tooke it as a friuolous tale, and thought the wooyse of such as buzzed such fantasticall follies into her eares, but when the generall reporte of his misdemeanours were hyred abroad throughout all *Carrbrancke*, then with blushing cheekes, she hid her head, & grecuing at his follies, and her owne fortunes, smothered the flames of her sorrows with inward conceit, but outwardly withstood such inuectiuall tearmes as did inueigh against the honestie of Francesco, so that she wonne great commendations of all for her loyaltie and constancie, yet when she was gotten secret by her selfe, her heart full of sorrowfull passions, and her eies full of teares, she beganne to meditate with her selfe of the prime of her youth vowed to Francesco, how she forsoke father, friendes and Countrey to bee paramour vnto her hearts paragon. The vowes hee made, when he carried her away in the night, the solempne promises and protestations that were vttered. When shee had pondred all these things, then she called to minde Æneas, Demophon and Theseus, and matcht them with Dido, Phillis and Ariadne, and at last sighed thus: And shal it be so betweene Isabel and Francesco? No, thinke not so (fond woman) let not iealousie blinde thee, whome loue hath indued with such a piercing insight: for as there is no content to the sweetenesse of loue, so there is no despaire to the prejudice of Iealousie: whereupon to shake off all fancies, she tooke

her Cittern in her hand, and soong this verse out of Ariosto.

Che piu felice é pui iocondo stato,
Che viuer pui dolce é pui beato
Sarui di seruire vno amoroso cuore,
Che d'esser in seruitu d'amore,
Se non fusse huomo sempre stimulato,
Da quella rio timore, da quella frenezia,
Da quella rabbia, della ielozia.

Yet as women are constant, so they are easie to beléeue, especially trueth, and so it fell out with Isabell, for shee (poore soule) could take no rest, so was her hand troubled with these newes, hammering a thousand humours in her braine how she might know the certaintie of his follies, and how she might reclaime him for his newe intertained affection. She considered with her self, that men allure Doues by the beauty of the house, and reclaime hawkes by the fairnesse of the lure, and that loue ioyned with vertue, were able to recall the most stragling Aeneas to make sayles againe to Carthage. Tush quoth she to her selfe, suppose he be falne in Loue with a curtizan, and that beautie hath giuen him the braue: what shall I vtterly condempne him? No, as he was not the first, so he shall not be the last: what youth will haue his swindge, the briar will bee full of prickles, the nettle will haue his sting, and youth his amours: men must loue and will loue, though it be both against law and reason; a crooked sien will proue a straight trée, the Juniper is sower when it is a twigge, and swéete when it is a trée; time changeth manners, and Francesco when hee entreth into the conditions of a flattring Curtizan, will forsake her, and returne penitent and more louing to his Isabel.

bel. Thus like a good wife she construes all to the best, yet she thought to put him in minde of his returne, and therefore she writ him a letter to this effect.

Isabel to Francesco *health.*

IF Penelope longde for her Vlysses, thinke Isabel wisheth for her Francesco, as loyall to thée as she was constant to the wily Greeke, and no lesse desirous to see thée in *Caerbranck*, than she to enioy his presence in *Ithaca*, watering my cheekes with as manie teares, as she her face with plaints, yet my Francesco, hoping I haue no such cause as she to increase hir cares: for I haue such resolution in thy constancie, that no Circes with all her inchantments, no Calipso with all her sorceries, no Syren with all their melodies could peruert thée from thinking on thine Isabel, I know Francesco so deeply hath the faithfull promise and loyall vowes made & interchanged betwéene vs taken place in thy thoughtes, that no time how long soeuer, no distance of place howsoeuer different, may alter that impression. But why do I inferre this needlesse insinuation to him, that no vanitie can alienate from vertue: let me Francesco perswade thée with other circumstances. First my Sweete, thinke how thine Isabel lies alone, measuring the time with sighes, & thine absence with passions; counting the day dismall, and the night full of sorrowes; being euerie way discontent, because shee is not content with her Francesco. The onely

comfort that I haue in thine absence is thy child, who lies on his mothers knee, and smiles as wantonly as his father when he was a wooer. But when the boy sayes: Mam, where is my dad, when will hee come home? Then the calme of my content turneth to a present storme of piercing sorrowe, that I am forced sometime to say: Unkinde Francesco, that forgets his Isabell. I hope Francesco, it is thine affaires, not my faults that procureth this long delay. For if I knewe my follies did any way offend thée, to rest thus long absent, I woulde punish my selfe both with outward and inward penaunce. But howsoeuer, I pray for thy health, and thy speedie returne, and so Francesco farewell.

Thine more than her owne
Isabell.

SHe hauing thus finished her letters conueied them speedelie to *Troynouant*, where they were deliuered to Francesco, who receiuing them with a blush, went into his study, and there vnript the seales with a sigh, perceiuing by the contents that Isabell had an inckling of his vnkinde loues, which driue him into a great quandarie, that deepely entring into the insight of his lasciuious life, hee beganne to feele a remorse in his conscience, howe grieuously hee hath offended hir, that had so faithfullie loued him. Oh, quoth hee, shall I be so ingrate as to quittance affection with fraud? So vnkinde as to weigh downe loue with discourtesie, to giue her a wounde that presents me a flower, and to beate her with nettles that perfumes me wt roses, consider with thy selfe Francesco, how

how deeply thou doost sinne: First, thou offendest thy God in chooſing ſo wanton a goddeſſe; then, thou doost wrong thy wife, in preferring an incõſtant curtizan before ſo faithfull a paramour: yet Francesco, thy harueſt is in the graſſe, thou maiest ſtoppe at the brimme, becauſe thou haſt neuer touched the bottome. What? men may fall, but to wallowe in wickednesſe is a double fault. Therefore recall thy ſelfe, reclayme thy affections: Is not thine Iſabell as faire? Oh, if ſhee be not, yet ſhee is more vertuous. Is not Iſabell ſo wittie as Infida? Oh but ſhee is more conſtant, and then art thou ſo madde, to preferre droſſe before Golde, a common Flint before a choice Diamond, vice before vertue, fading beautie before the excellence of inward qualities: No, ſhake off theſe follies, and ſay, both in mouth & in hart; None like Iſabell; This he ſaide by himſelfe, but when he went foorth of his Chamber, and ſpied but his Miſtreſſe looking out of her windowe all this geare chaunged, and the caſe was altered: ſhee calde, and in hee muſt, and there in a ieſt ſcofft at his Wiues Letters, taking his Infida in his armes, and ſaying, I will not leaue this Troy for the chaſteſt Penelope in the world.

Thus hee ſoothed himſelfe in the ſweeteneſſe of his ſinne, reſembling the Leopardes that feede on Marioran while they die, or the People Hyperborei, that ſit ſo long and gaze againſt the Sunne till they become blinde; ſo hee doated on the perfection of Infida, till it grewe to his vtter preiudice: for no reaſon coulde diuert him from his damned intent, ſo had he drowned himſelfe in the dregges of luſt: inſomuch that hee counted it no ſinne to offend with ſo faire a Saint: alluding to the ſaying of the holy Father.

Conſuetudo peccandi, tollit ſenſum peccati.

Thus

Thus did theſe two continue in the Sympathie of their ſinnes, while poore Iſabel reſted her at home content in this, that at laſt he would bee reclaimed, and till then ſhee wold vſe patience, ſeeing *Nunquam ſera eſt ad bonos mores via.* Wallowing thus in the ſolles of their owne follies, Fortune that meant to experience the force of Loue, dealt thus conceipteDly; After theſe two Louers had by the ſpace of three yeeres ſecurely ſlumbred in the ſweetneſſe of their pleaſures, and drunke with the ſurfet of Content, thought no other heauen, but their owne ſuppoſed happineſſe; as euerie ſtorme hath his calme, and the greateſt Spring-tide the deadeſt ebbe, ſo fared it with Franceſco: for ſo long went the pot to the water, that at laſt it came broken home; and ſo long put he his hand into his purſſe, that at laſt the emptie bottome returned him a Writt of *Non eſt inuentus*; for well might the Diuell dance there, for euer a croſſe to keepe him backe.

Well, this Louer fuller of paſſions than of pence, began (when hee entred into the conſideration of his owne eſtate) to mourne of the chyne, and to hang the lippe as one that for want of ſounding had ſtroke himſelfe vppon the Sands; yet he couered his inward ſorrowe with outward ſmiles, and like Ianus preſented his Miſtreſſe with a merrie looke, when the other ſide of his viſage was full of ſorrowes. But ſhe that was as good as a touchſtone to trye mettalls, could ſtraight ſpie by the laſte where the ſhoe wringde him: and ſeeing her Franceſco was almoſt founderd, thought to ſee if a ſkilfull Farrier might mend him; if not, like an vnthankefull Hackney-man ſhee meant to tourne him into the bare leas, and ſet him as a tyrde iade to picke a ſaller.

Vppon which determination, that ſhee might doo nothing raſhly, ſhee made enquirie into his eſtate, what Liuings he had, what Landes to ſell, howe they were eyther tyed by Statute, or Tatallde? At laſt, thorough her ſecret

and

and ſubtill inquiſition, ſhe found that all his coyne was on the flooze, that his ſheepe were clipt, and the Mull ſolde; to be ſhoꝛt, that what he had by his Wife coulde neither be ſolde noꝛ moꝛgaged, and what he had of his owne was ſpent vppon her, that nothing was lefte foꝛ him to liue vppon but his wits. This newes was ſuch a cooling Card to this Curtizan, that the extreame heate of her loue was alreadie growen to bee luke warme: which Franceſco might eaſely perceiue; foꝛ at his arriuall, his welcome was moꝛe ſtraunge, her lookes moꝛe coy, his fare moꝛe ſlender, her glaunces leſſe amoꝛous: and ſhe ſeemed to bee Infida in pꝛopoꝛtion, but not in wonted paſſions.

This vncouth diſdaine made Franceſco maruell, who yet had not entred into her deceiptes, noꝛ (beeing ſimple of himſelfe) had euer yet experienſt a ſtrumpets ſubtiltie; he imputed therefoꝛe his Miſtreſſes coyneſſe to the diſtemperature of her bodie, and thought that being not well, it was no wonder though ſhee gaue him the leſſe welcome.

Thus poꝛe Nouice did he conſter euerie thing to the beſt, vntill Time pꝛeſented him with the truth of the woꝛſt: foꝛ in ſhoꝛt time, his hoſteſſe calde foꝛ money, his creditoꝛs thꝛeatened him with an arreſt, his cloathes waxt thꝛed bare, and there was no moꝛe coyne in the Pynte to amende them. Whereupon on a day, ſitting in a great dumpe by his Infida, who was as ſolempne as he was ſoꝛowfull, hee burſt foꝛth into theſe ſpeaches.

I haue read ſweete Loue in the Aphoꝛiſmes of Philoſophers, that heate ſuppꝛeſſed is moꝛe violent, the ſtreame ſtopt makes the greater Deluge, and paſſions concealed, pꝛocure the deeper ſoꝛꝛowes. Then if *Contrariorum Contraria eſt ratio*, there is nothing better than a boſome friend with whome to conferre vpon the

iniurie of fortune. Finding my ſelfe (my Infida) full of Pathemas as ſting to the quicke, inuenymed with the Tarantula of heart ſicke torments, I thinke no medicine fitter for my maladie, than to be cured by the muſicall harmonie of thy friendly counſaile. Knowe then Infida that *Troynouant* is a place of great expence, like the Serpent Hidaſpis, that the more it ſuckes, the more it is a thirſt, eating men aliue as the Crocodile, and being a place of as daungerous allurement, as the ſeate where the Syrens ſit and chaunt their preiudiciall melodie. It is to young Gentlemen, like the Labyrynth, whereout Theſeus could not get without a threed, but here be ſuch monſtrous Minotaures as firſt deuour the thræd, and then the perſon. The Innes are like hote-houſes, which by little and little ſweate a man into a conſumption; the hoſte he carries a pint of wine in the one hand to welcome, but a poniard in the other to ſtab; and the hoſteſſe ſhe hath ſmiles in her forehead, and prouides good meate for her guests, but the ſauce is coſtly, for it far exceeds the cates. If coyne want, then either to Limbo, or els clap vp a commoditie (if ſo much credite be left) where he ſhall finde ſuch knots, as he will neuer be able without his vtter preiudice to vntie. Brokers, I leaue them of, as too courſe ware to be mouthde with an honeſt mans tongue. Theſe Minotaures faire Infida, haue ſo eaten mee vp in this Labyrinth, as to bee plaine with thee that art my ſecond ſelfe, I want, and am ſo farre indebted to the Mercer and mine Hoſteſſe, as either thou muſt ſtand my friend to diſburſe ſo much money for me, or els I muſt depart from *Troynouant*, and ſo from thy ſight, which how precious it is to mee, I referre to thine owne conſcience; or for an *Vltimum vale* take vp my lodging in the counter, which I know, as it would be vncouth to me, ſo it would bee greeuefull to thee; and therfore now hangs my welfare in thy wil.

How

How loath I was to vtter vnto thee my want and ſorrowe, meaſure by my loue; who wish rather death than thy diſcontent.

Infida could ſcarce ſuffer him in ſo long a Periode, and therefore with her forehead full of furrowes, ſhee made him this anſwere. And would you haue me (ſir) buy an ounce of pleaſure with a tunne of miſhappes, or reach after repentaunce with ſo hie a rate: haue I lent thee the bloſſoms of my youth, and delighted thee with the prime of my yeares? haſt thou had the ſpoile of my virginitie, and now wouldeſt thou haue the ſacke of my ſubſtaunce? when thou haſt withered my perſon, aymeſt thou at my wealth? No ſir, no; knowe, that for the loue of thee, I haue cracke my credite, that neuer before was ſtained. I cannot looke abroad without a bluſh, nor go with my neighbours without a frump, thou, and thy name is euer caſt in my diſh, my foes laugh, and my friends ſorrow to ſée my follies: wherefore ſeeing thou beginneſt to picke a quarrell, and hereafter, when thine owne baſe fortunes haue brought thee to beggarie wilt ſay, that Infida coſt thee ſo many Crownes, and was thine ouerthrowe: auaunt nouice, home to thine owne wife, who (poore Gentlewoman) ſits and wants what thou conſumeſt at Tauerns. Thou haſt had my deſpoile, and I feare I beare in my belly the token of too much loue I ought thée. Yet content with this diſcredite, rather than to runne into further extremitie: get thée out of my doores, for from henceforth thou ſhalt neuer be welcome to Infida. And with that ſhee flung vp, and went into her Chamber: Franceſco would haue made a replie, but ſhee would not heare him, nor holde him any more chat: Whereupon with a ſtrain his eare, hee went to his lodging. There ruminating on the number of his follies, and the hardneſſe of his fortunes, ſeeing his ſcore great,

his coyne little, his credite leſſe: weighing how hardly he had vſed his Iſabell: at laſt leaning his head on his hand, with teares in his eies, he beganne to be thus extremely paſſionate. Nowe Franceſco *piſcator ictus ſapit*, experience is a true miſtreſſe, but ſhee maketh her Schollers treade vpon Thornes, haſt thou not leaped into the ditch, which thou haſt long foreſéne, and bought that with repentance which thou haſt ſo grédily deſired to reape. Oh now thou ſeeſt the difference betweene loue and luſt: the one ful of contented pleaſure, the other of pleaſing miſeries: thy thoughts were feathered with fancie, and whether did they flie ſo farre that they freed themſelues, and thou reſts conſumed. Oh Franceſco, what are women? If they bee honeſt Saints, the purtie of nature, the excellence of vertue, the perfection of earthly content. But if they bee curtiſans and ſtrumpets. Oh let mee breath before I can vtter the depth of ſuch a monſtrous deſcription. They be in ſhape Angels, but in qualities Deuilles, painted Sepulchres with rotten bones, their foreheads are Kalenders of miſfortunes, their eies like comets, that when they ſparkle foretell ſome fatall diſparagement, they allure with amorous glaunces of luſt, and kill with bitter looks of hate, they haue dimples in their cheekes to deceiue, and wrinckles in their browes to betray, their lippes are like honie combes, but who taſteth the droppes is impoiſoned, they are as cleare as Chriſtall, but bruſe them, and they are as infectious as the Diamond, their teares are like the Acoriton, that the Hidra wept; they preſent as Deianira ſhirts for preſents, but who ſo puts them on, conſumes like Hercules, they lay out the folded of their haire, and intangle men in their treſſes, playing the houſe-leach, that ſucketh while they burſt; betweene their breaſts is the vale of deſtruction, and in their beds oh there is ſorrow,

repen-

repentance, hell & despayre. They consume man aliue, and ayme at his substance not his perfection; like eagles, that onely flie thither, where the carrion is, they leaue men to hell, and leaue him at the gates. To be briefe, they are ingrateful, periured, vntrue, inconstant, fleeting, full of fraud, deceitfull, and to conclude in one worde, they be the very refuse of natures excrements. Oh Francesco, what a Satyricall inuectiue hast thou vttered? I may best, quoth hee, for I haue bought euery principle with a pound: What nowe rests for thee poore infortunate man? Thou hast yet left a meanes to ende all these miseries, and that is this. Drawe thy rapier and so die, that with a manly resolution thou mayest preuent thy further misfortunes. Oh although thou hast sinned, yet despaire not, though thou art Anathema, yet proue not an Atheist, the mercie of God is aboue all his workes, & repentaunce is sometimes balme. Home to thy wife, to the wife of thy youth Francesco, to Isabell, who with her patience will couer all thy follies: remember this man, *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.*

Thus hee ended, and with verie griefe fell in a slumber. At this the Palmer breathed, and made a stop and a long periode. His hoste desirous to heare out the ende of Francescoes fortunes, wished him to goe forwarde in his discourse. Pardon mee Sir, quoth the Palmer, the night is late, and I haue trauelled all the day; my bellie is full, and my bones would be at rest. Therefore for this time, let thus much suffice, and to morrowe at our vprising, which shall be with the Sunne. I will not onelie discourse vnto you the ende of Francescoes amours, of his returne home to his wife, and his repentaunce, but manifest vnto you the reason whie I aymed my pilgrimage to *Venice*.

The Gentleman and his Wife verie loath to bee tedious to the good Palmer, were content with his promise; and so taking vp the candle lighted him to bedde. where we leaue him. And therefore allone as may bee Gentlemen, looke for Francescoes further fortunes, and after that my *Farewell to follies*, and then adieu to all amorous Pamphlets.

FINIS.

¶Imprinted at London by Thomas Orwin *for* N. L. *and* Iohn Busbie, and are to bee solde at the *VVest ende of Paules Church.*

1590.

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his myne little, his mother lesse: [illegible] how [illegible] ly he had [illegible] Isabell: at last [illegible] his hand on his hand, with teares in his eies, he begonne to be thus extremely passionate. Nome Francesco *[illegible] sapit*, experience is a true mistresse, but thee [illegible] her Scholiers treade vpon Thornes, hast thou not leaped into the ditch, which thou hast long foresene, and bought that with repentance which thou hast so greatly desired to reape. Oh now thou seest the difference betweene loue and lust: the one ful of contented pleasure, the other of pleasing miseries: thy thoughts were seathered with sanctie, and whether did they [illegible] so feere that they freed themselues, and thou rests [illegible]. Oh Francesco, what are women? If they bee honest Saints, the puritie of nature, the excellence of vertue, the perfection of earthly content. But if they bee curtisans and strumpets: Oh let mee breath before I can vtter the depth of such a monstrous description. They be in shape Angels, but in qualities Deuilles, painted Sepulchres with rotten bones, their foreheads are Kalenders of misfortunes, their eies like comets, that when they sparkle foretell some fatall disparagement, they allure with amorous glauances of lust, and kill with bitter looks of hate, they haue dimples in their cheekes to deceiue, and wrinckles in their browes to betray, their lippes are like honie combes, but who tasteth the droppes is impoisoned; they are as cleare as Christall, but bruse them, and they are as infectious as the Diamond, their teares are like the Aconiton, that the Hidra wept; they present as Deianira shirts for presents, but who so puts them on, consumes like Hercules, they lay out the foldes of their haire, and intangle men in their tresses, playing the horse-leach, that sucketh while they burst; betweene their breasts is the vale of destruction, and in their beds oh there is sorrow,

repen-

repentance, [illegible] They [illegible] and ayme at his substance not his perfection, like [illegible] gles, that onely sitte thither, where the [illegible] is, they leade men to hell, and leaue him at the gates. To be briefe, they are ingrateful, periured, [illegible], inconstant, fleeting, full of fraud, deceitfull, and to conclude in one worde, they be the very refuse of natures excrements. Oh Francesco, what a Satyricall muttine hast thou vttered? I may best, quoth hee, for I haue bought euery principle with a pound: What nowe rests for thee poore infortunate man? Thou hast yet left a meanes to ende all these miseries, and that is this, Drawe thy rapier and so die, that with a manly resolution thou mayest preuent thy further misfortunes. Oh although thou hast sinned, yet despaire not, though thou arte Anathema, yet proue not an Atheist, the mercie of God is aboue all his workes, and repentaunce is a pretious balme. Home to thy wife, to the wife of thy youth Francesco, to Isabell, who with her patience will couer all thy follies: remember this man, *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.*

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Francescos Fortunes:

Or

The second part of *Greenes Neuer too late.*

VVherein is discoursed the fall of Loue, the bitter fruites of Follies pleasure, and the repentant sorowes of a reformed man.

Sero, sed serio.

Robertus Greene in Artibus Magister.

Imprinted at London for N. L. *and* Iohn Busbie. 1590.

To the right Worshipfull *Thomas Barnaby Esquier*, Robert Greene wisheth increase of all honorable vertues.

THe Athenians *coũted such men vnworthie their Common wealth as were ingratfull: and* Plato *seeing an vnthankefull man prosper, said, see men of* Greece *the Gods are prooued vniust; for they haue laden a thistle with fruite. When (right Worshipfull) these reasons entred into my reach, and that I saw how odious in elder time ingratefull men were to all estates and degrees; least I might be stained with such a hatefull blemish, hauing receiued many friendly, nay fatherly fauours at your hands, I resolued to indeuour how I might shewe the depth of my affection towards your Worship, I found my abilitie was not answerable to my desires to*

proportionate equall requitall to your deserts, so that I onely thought to make thankes my pay mistris, and so passe ouer your good turne with the old prouerb, God and Saint Francis thank you. Yet when I perceiued great men had taken little gifts, I tooke heart at grasse, and imboldened my selfe to present you with a Pamphlet of my penning, called my Nunquam sera est: which your Worship so gratefully accepted, measuring my will more than the worth; that hauing made my second part, wherein is discoursed the sequell of Francescoes further fortunes, I thought to shrowde it vnder your patronage: I haue discouered herein the other follies of his youth, and how at last, repentance stroke in him such a remorse, that his sorrowe for his sinnes were more than the pleasures conceipted in his vanities. I haue from the lone of a lasciuious Curtizan, brought him to the Wife of his youth: the storie necessarie for yong Gentlemen, and not offensiue vnto graue eares: for the most seuere Stoick of all that seekes a knot in a rush, may herein finde some sentence woorth the marking. And though you as Virgill hold Ennius, yet you may out of his drosse gather

some

some golde. They which thinke there is no God to their Goddesse, may here finde that wanton loues are the readie paths to preiudice, and that effeminate follies are the efficient causes of dyre disparagement, and that there is no Iewel like the gift of an honest wife. But whatsoeuer it is, all is prowded vnder your fauour: which hoping you will as gratefullie patronage as the former, I wish your VVorship as manie good fortunes as your self can desire, or Imagine.

Your Worships adopted sonne in all humble dutie to commaund.

Robert Greene.

To the Gentlemen Readers *health.*

IF (Gentlemen) I had not promiſed the further diſcourſe of *Franceſcos* fortunes, this Pamphlet had not come to the preſſe: but ſeeing promiſe vvas debt, and ſundrie made challenge at the Stationers ſhoppe, that I ſhould bee a man of my word. To ſatiſfie therefore al my well wiſhers, I haue written what befell *Franceſco* after he had forſaken his *Inſida*, no great aduentures, but you may ſee plotted downe many paſsions full of repentant ſorrowes, and reade many of his Sonnets that hee made in remorſe of minde; ſuch as they bee they are yours, or what my pen can doo, but looke for it in more deeper matters.

Yours, Robert Greene.

In laudem Authoris.

THough wanton Horace writ of Loues delite,
And blythlie chaunted of his lasse,
Bonny and bright as any glasse:
Yet did the Poet Odes and Satyres write,
Wherein he taught fond youth
That follie hatcheth wrath,
And with his toyes
Mixt vertues ioyes:
So by his workes he reapt immortall praise.

Let him that writes the fall of Louers fits,
Of beautie and her scorching fires,
And fancie and her fond desires:
If vnto vertues lore he wrest his wits,
And pen downe follies fall,
Whereto yong youth is thrall,
Haue honor then
To grace his pen:
But enuie liues too much in these our daies.

Richard Hake.

Virtutis comes inuidia.

The

R. S.

THe Bee is praiſde for labour, not for eaſe,
The more ſhe workes the richer is her hiue:
The little Ant that teacheth man to thriue,
Is fam'd for that her labours neuer ceaſe.

The more the fruite, more precious is the tree;
The more the fiſh, more valued is the ſtreame;
The ſweeteſt night when many ſtars doo gleame,
The better ground that brings moſt graine we ſee.

The more it workes, the quicker is the wit;
The more it writes, the better to be ſteemed:
By labour ought mens wills and wits be deemed,
Though dreaming dunces doo inueigh againſt it.

But write thou on, though Momus *ſit and frowne,*
A Carters ligge is fitteſt for a Clowne.

Bonum quo communius,
eo melius.

Greenes Neuer too late.

Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.

NO sooner did Phœbus burnish the heauen with his brightnesse, and decke in a glorious diadem of chrisolites, had mounted him on his Coach to lighten the Lampe that makes Flora beauteous, but the Palmer was vp and at his Orysons, beeing as deuoute in his thoughts, as hee was mindfull of his trauels: walking in the garden all alone, and seeing the Sunne new peeping out of the East, he began to meditate with himselfe of the state of man, comparing his life to the length of a spanne, or the compasse of the Sunne, who rising bright and orient, continueth but his appointed course, and that sometimes shadowed with so many Clowdes, and straínde with a sable vale of such thicke fogges, that he is more darkened with stormes than beautified with light: and if it fortune his shine is without blemish, yet he setteth and that more oft in a solue of Clowdes, than in a cléere Skie: so man borne in the pride of beautie or pompe of wealth, bee his honors equall with his fortunes, and hee as happie as Augustus; yet his life hath but his limittes, and that clogged with so many cares and crosses, that his daies are more full of miseries than of pleasures, and his disaster mishaps are more than his prosperous fortunes: but if the starres grace him with all fauourable aspects, and that hée

liue full of content in many honours and much wealth, yet his prime hath his Autum, his faire blossomes turnes to tawnie leaues, age will shake him by the shoulder, and nature will haue his due, that at last he must set with the Sunne, and perhaps in such a clowde of shame, as his rising may be in a storme of sorrowes. Thus did the Palmer meditate with himselfe, being penitent for the follies of his youth, that at last thinking to be as musicall to himselfe, as the birds were melodious, he chaunted out this Ode.

The penitent Palmers Ode.

Whilome in the winters rage
A Palmer old and full of age,
Sat and thought vpon his youth,
With eyes, teares, and harts ruth,
Being all with cares yblent,
When he thought on yeares mispent.
When his follies came to minde,
How fond loue had made him blinde,
And wrapt him in a field of woes,
Shadowed with pleasures shoes,
Then he sighed and said alas,
Man is sinne and flesh is grasse.
I thought my mistris harres were gold,
And in their lockes my heart I folde:
Her amber tresses were the sighe
That wrapped me in vaine delight:
Her Iuorie front, her pretie chin,
Were stales that drew me on to sin:
Her starrie lookes, her Christall eyes,
Brighter than the Sunnes arise:
Sparkling pleasing flames of fire,
Yoakt my thoughts and my desire,
That I gan crie ere I blin,
Oh her eyes are paths to sin.

Her face was faire, her breath was sweete,
All her lookes for loue was meete:
But loue is follie this I knowe.
And beautie fadeth like to snowe.
Oh why should man delight in pride,
Whose blossome like a dewe doth glide:
When these suppose tought my thought,
That world was vaine and beautie nought,
I gan sigh and say alas,
Man is sinne and flesh is grasse.

The Palmer hauing ended this Ode, sat in a great dump in the garden, when his Host accompanied with his wife, desirous to heare out Francescos fortune, were come into the place and gaue him the bon iorno thus. Courteous Palmer, a kinde salute to waken you from your mornings meditation, I see you keepe the prouerbe for a principle, to bed with the Bee and vp with the Larke: no sooner the Sunne in the Skie but you are at your Oysons, either ruminating passions or penance, either some old remembrance or some newe reuerse. Howsoeuer (gentle Palmer) tis no manners to enter too farre into your thoughts, and therefore leauing your secrets to your selfe, *Come stato la vostra signoria questa matina.* The Palmer that had learned a little broken Italian, seeing his honest host in such a merie moode, made this answer. *Io sto ben signior diu merce, ringratiando-ui sonnamenti di vostra grande cortesia,* holding it fit for my fortunes to haue many cares and little sleepe, that my penuance may be great till my sinnes are many: long slumbers are for idle persons, not for penitent Palmers; and sweete dreames are no instances of hartie deuotion, therefore do I watch with the mouse to argue my selfe miserable, and enioyne my selfe to much paines, because I am combred with many passions. This morning entring into this garden, I sawe by the workes of nature the course of the world: for when I sawe Floras glorie shut vp in the folders of Iris frowne,

frownes, I began to consider that the pride of man was like the pompe of a flower, that to day glories in the field and to morrowe is in the furnace; that we be like the flies Hemeræ, that take life with the Sunne and dye with the deaw; that our honors are compared to the blossomes of a Cedar, which vanish ere they begin to burnish, and al our triumphs like caracters written in snowe, that printed in a vapour, at the least Sunne shine discouer our vanitie, for they are as sone melted as our pleasures are momentarie. Tied by Fates to this tickle state, wee haue nothing more certaine than to dye, nor nothing more vncertaine than the houre of death: and therefore when I call to minde the follies of my youth, how they haue been tickled with vice, I couet in the flower of mine yeares to repent and amend: for

Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.

You do well sir (quoth the Gentleman) in al your actions to consider the end; for he that forerepents, foresees many perrills. Had I wist is a great fault, and after wits are bitten with many sorrowes: therefore such as greeue at their follies, & couet to preuent dangerous fortunes, they which take an antidote of grace against the deadly aconiton of sinne, and with present remorse preuent ensuing vanities: such indeed, as they liue well, shall dye blessed. But leauing this humour till another time, you may see by our early rising how my wife and I were delighted with your euenings parlie: for trust me sir, desire of Francesco's further fortunes made vs thus watchfull, and therefore seeing the morning is gray and our longing great, and yet a good while to breakefast, if your leisure may afforde so much, I pray you sit downe and tell vs what was the ende of his loues, and the effects of his repentance. The Palmer verie willing to pleasure his courteous host, sat him downe in an Arbour and began thus.

The Palmers tale of Francesco.

AS sone as Francesco awakt from his slumber, and began to enter further into the consideration of Infidas cousenage, his heart throbd at his follies, and a present passion of his great missortunes so payned him, that all perplexed he began againe to sing his former song, and to say that womens thoughts were like to the leaues of a Date tree that change colours with the winde, in a moment figuring out sorrowe with teares, and in that instant decipphering pleasure with smiles: neither too resolute with the Stoickes to yeeld to no passions, nor too absolute with the Esseni to surfet with ouer much chastitie: their desires (quoth he) resemble Æolus forehead, that next euery storme contains a calme: their vowes are like Almanacks that decipher nothing but vncertaintie; either too scrupulous with Daphne to contemne all, or too voluptuous with Venus to desire all; and straight neither flesh nor fish as the Polypus, but time pleasers, to content themselues with varietie of fancies. In this humorous melancholie hee arose vp and raunged about the Citie, despayring of his estate as a man pennylesse, and therefore impatient because he knewe not how to redresse his miseries: to relie vppon the helpe of a Curtizan, he sawe by experience was to hang hope in the ayre: to stand vpon the fauour of friends, that was bootelesse; for he had fewe in the Citie, as being but a straunger there, and such as he had were wonne with an Apple, trencher friends, and therefore to bee left with the puffe of the least blast of aduersities. To goe home to his wife to faire Isabel, that was as hard a censure as the sentence of death, for shame of his follies made him ashamed to shewe his face to a woman of so high deserts. In this perplexitie he passed ouer three or foure daies till his purse was cleane emptie,

his store great, and his hostesse would trust him for no more money, but threatned him, if present payment were not made, to lay him in prison. This newes was hard to Francesco, that knewe not how to auoyd the preiudice, only his refuge was to preuent such a misfortune to carrie his apparell to the Brokers, and with great losse to make money to pay for his diet: which once discharged, he walkt vp and downe as a man forlorne, hauing neither coyne nor credite. Necessitie ꝑ stingeth vnto the quick, made him set his wits on the tenter, and to stretch his braines as high as Ela, to see how he could reconer pence to defray his charges by any sinister meanes to salue his sorrowes: the care of his parents and of his owne honor perswaded him from making gaine by labour: he had neuer been brought vp to any mechanicall course of life. Thus euery way destitute of meanes to liue, he light out this olde sayd sawe, *Miserrimum est fuisse beatum:* yet at last, as extremities search very farre, he calde to minde that he was a scholler, and that although in these daies Arte wanted honor, and learning lackt his due, yet good letters were not brought to so lowe an ebbe, but that there might some profite arise by them to procure his maintenance. In this humour he fell in amongst a companie of Players, who perswaded him to trie his wit in writing of Comedies, Tragedies, or Pastorals, and if he could performe any thing worth the stage, then they would largelie reward him for his paines. Francesco glad of this motion, seeing a meanes to mitigate ꝑ extremitie of his want, thought it no dishonor to make gaine of his wit, or to get profite by his pen: and therefore getting him home to his chamber writ a Comedie, which so generally pleased all the audience, that happie were those Actors in short time that could get any of his workes, he grewe so exquisite in that faculties. By this meanes his want was releeued, his credit in his hosts house, recouered his apparell in greater brauerie then it was, and his purse well lined with Crownes.

At this discourse of Francesco, the Gentleman tooke his

guest

guest by the hand and broke off his tale thus. Now gentle Palmer, seeing we are fallen by course of parttle to parlie of Players, if without offence vo me that fauour to shewe me your iudgement of Players, Playmakers and Players. Although (quoth the Palmer) that some for being too lauish against that facultie, haue for their satiricall inuectiues been well canuased, yet seeing here is none but our selues, and that I hope what you heare shall be troden vnder foote, I will flatlie say what I can both euen by reading and experience. The inuention of Comedies were first found amongst the Greekes, and practised at Athens: some thinke by Menander whom Terence so highlie commends in his Heautonti morumenon. The reason was, that vnder the couert of such pleasant and Comicall euents, they aymed at the ouerthrowe of many vanities that then raigned in the Citie: for therein they painted out in the persons the course of the world, how either it was graced with honor, or discredited with vices: There might you see leueld out the vaine life that boasting Thrases vse, smoothed vp with the selfe conceipt of their owne excellence; the miserable estate of couetous parents, that rather let their sonnes fall of any misfortunes, than to releeue them with the superfluitie of their wealth: the pourtraiture of parasiticall friends and flattering Gnatos, that only are time pleasers and trencher friends, which sooth yong Gentlemen subtellie in their follies, as long as they may: *Ex eorum fullo vnere* was set out in liuely colours. In those Comedies the abuse of Bawdes that made sale of honest virgins, and liued by the spoyle of womens honors, was deeply discouered. To be short, Lecherie, Couetousnesse, Pride, selfe-loue, disobedience of parents, and such vices predominant both in age and youth were shot at, not onely with examples and instances to feede the eye, but with golden sentences of morall workes to please the eare. Thus did Menander win honor in Greece with his workes, & reclaime both old & yong for their vanities by ꝑ pleasant effects of his Comedies. After him this facultie grew to be famous in Rome, practised

by

by Plautus, Terence, and other that excelled in this qualitie, all aiming as Menander did in all their workes to suppresse vice and aduance vertue. Now, so highlie were Comedies esteemed in those daies, that men of great honor and graue account were the Actors, the Senate and the Consuls continuallie present, as auditors at all such sports, rewarding the Author with rich rewards, according to the excellencie of the Comedie. Thus continued this facultie famous, till couetousnesse crept into the qualitie, and that meane men greedie of gaines did fall to practise the acting of such Plaies, and in the Theater presented their Comedies but to such onely, as rewarded them well for their paines: when thus Comedians grewe to bee mercinaries, then men of accompt left to practise such pastimes, and disdained to haue their honors blemisht with the staine of such base and vile gaines: in so much that both Comedies and Tragedies grew to lesse accompt in Rome, in that the free sight of such sports was taken away by couetous desires: yet the people (who are delighted with such nouelties and pastimes) made great resort, paide largely, and highly applauded their doings, in so much that the Actors by continuall vse grewe not onely excellent, but rich and insolent. Amongst whome in the daies of Tully one Roscius grewe to be of such exquisit perfection in his facultie, that he offered to contend with the Orators of that time in gesture, as they did in eloquence; boasting that he could expresse a passion in as many sundrie actions, as Tully could discourse it in varietie of phrases: yea so prowde he grewe by the daylie applause of people, that he loked for honour and reuerence to bee done him in the streetes: which selfe conceipt when Tully entred into with a pearcing insight, he quipt at in this manner.

It chanced that Roscius & he met at a dinner, both guests vnto Archias the Poet, where the prowd Comedian dared to make comparison with Tully: which insolencie made the learned Orator to growe into these termes; why Roscius,

art

art thou proud with Esops Crow, being prance with the glorie of others feathers: of thy selfe thou canst say nothing, and if the Cobler hath taught thee to say, Aue Cæsar, disdain not thy tutor, because thou pratest in a Kings chamber: what sentence thou vtterest on the stage, flowes from the censure of our wittes; and what sentence or conceipte of the inuention the people applaud for excellent, that comes from the secrets of our knowledge. I graunt your action, though it be a kind of mechanical labour; yet wel done tis worthie of praise: but you worthlesse, if for so small a toy you waxe proud. At this Roscius waxt red, and bewraied his imperfection with silence: but this check of Tully could not keepe others from the blemish of that fault, for it grew to a generall vice amongst the Actors, to excell in pride as they did exceede in excellence, and to braue it in the streets, as they bragge it on the stage: so that they reueld it in Rome in such costly roabes, that they seemed rather men of great patrimonie, than such as liued by the fauour of the people. Which Publius Seruilius very well noted; for hee being the sonne of a Senatour, and a man very valiant, met on a day with a player in the streetes richly apparrelled; who so farre forgat himselfe, that he tooke the wall of the young noble man, which Seruilius taking in disdaine, countercheckt with this frump: My friend (quoth hee) be not so bragge of thy silken roabes, for I sawe them but yesterday make a great shew in a broakers shop. At this the one was ashamed, and the other smilde, and they which heard the quip, laughe at the folly of the one & the wit of the other. Thus sir haue you heard my opinion briefly of plaies, that Menander deuised them for the suppressing of vanities, necessarie in a common weale, as long as they are vsed in their right kind; the play makers worthy of honour for their Arte: & players, men deseruing both praise and profite, as long as they wax neither couetous nor insolent. I haue caused you sir (quoth ye gentleman) to make a large digressiō, but you haue resolued me in a matter that I long doubted of: and therefore I pray you

 againe

againe to Francesco. Why then thus quoth the Palmer: After he grew excellent for making of Comedies, he wast not onely brave, but full of Crownes: which Infida hearing of, and having intelligence what course of life he did take; thought to cast foorth her lure to reclaime him, though by her unkindnesse she was proved haggard; for she thought that Francesco was such a tame foole that he would be brought to strike at any stale, decking her selfe therefore as gorgiously as she could, painting her face with the choyce of all her drugges, she walkt abroade where shee thought Francesco vsed to take the ayre; Loue and Fortune ioyning in league so favoured her, that according to her desire she met him. At which incounter I gesse, more for shame than loue she blusht; and fild her countenaunce with such repentant remorse (yet having her lookes full of amorous glaunces) that she seemed like Venus, reconciling her selfe to froward Mars. The sight of Infida was pleasing in the eyes of Francesco, and almost as deadly as the basiliske: that had hee not had about him Moly as Vlisses, he had been inchaunted by the charmes of that wylie Circes; but the abuse so stucke in his stomack that she had prefered him in his extremitie, that he returned all her glaunces with a frowne, and so parted. Infida was not amated with his angry moode, as one that thought loues furnace of force to heate the coldest Amatist, and the sweete words of a woman as able to draw an desire, as the Syrens me loody the passengers. What quoth shee, though for a while he be cholerick, Beautie is able to quench the flame, as it sets hearts on fire; as Helens faultes angred Paris, so her favours pleasd Paris: though she were false to Menelaus, yet her faire made him brook her follies: Women are priuiledged to have their words and they wils, and whome they kill with a frowne they can reuiue with a smile. Tush, Francesco is not so froward, but he may bee wonne, hee is no Saturnist to beare anger long, hee is soone hot and soone colde, cholerick and kinde harted, who though he be froden away with bitter words, he will be reclaimed

againe

againe with sweete kisses; a womans tearcs are Adamant, and men are no harder than Iron, and therefore may bee drawne to pitie their passions. I will faine, flatter, and what not, to get againe my Francesco; for his purse is ful, and my coffers was emptie. In this humor taking pen and paper, she wrote a letter to him to this effect.

Infida to Francesco wisheth what he wants in health or wealth.

If my outward penaunce (Francesco) could discouer my inward passions, my sighes bewray my sorrowes, or my countenaunce my miseries, then should I looke the most desolate of all, as I am the most distrest of all; and the furrowes in my face bee numberlesse, as the griefes of my heart are matchles: But as the feathers of ẏ Halciones glister most against the sorest storme, and Nylus is most calme against a deluge: so the sorrowes of my minde are so great that they smother inwardly, though they make no outward appearance of mishap. All these miseries Francesco grow from the consideration of mine owne discurtesies: for when I thinke of thy constancie, thy faith, thy feature, and thy beautie, and weigh with my selfe how all these vowed vnto Infida, they were lost by the disloyaltie of Infida: I call it in question, whether I had better dispaire and die, or in hope of thy fauour linger out my life. Penaunce of free will merits pardons of course, and griefes that grow from remorse, deserue to bee salued with ruth. I confesse Francesco that I wrongd thee, and therefore I am wroong at ẏ heart: but so doth the Idea of thy perfection, & the excellence of thy vertues frame a restles passiõ in my heart, that although thou shouldest vow to loath me. I cannot cease to loue thee. Oh consider, women haue their faults and their follies, & act ẏ in an houre which they repẽt al their life after. Though Mars & Venus brabled, they were friends after brawls, for a louers far ought not to bee a perpetuall discord but like a sunshine shower, ẏ be it neuer so sharp is accosted vn storme; forgiue

 and

and forget Francesco then hartelie, that I repent so deepely: grace thy Infida againe with one smile, ease her impatient passions with thy sweete presence; and assure thy selfe shee will satisfie with loue, what shee hath offended with follie. Bones that are broken & after set again, are the more stronger: where the Beech Tree is cut, there it growes most hard: reconciled friendship is the sweetest amitie. Then be friends with thy Infida: looke on her, and but visite her: and if shee winne not thy loue with her words, and shewe her selfe so penitent that thou shalt pardon: then let her perish in her owne misfortunes, and die for the want of thy fauour. Farewell.

Thine euer,
dispayring Infida.

This letter shee sealed vp and sent it by a secret friend to Francesco: who at the first, knowing from whence it came, would scarcely receiue it; yet at last willing to heare what humor had made the Curtizan write vnto him; hee broke vp the seales and read the former contents: which when he had throughly perused, hee found himselfe perplexed: for the cunning of her flatterie made the poore man passionate. In somuch that sitting down with the letter in his hand; he began thus to meditate with himselfe.

Why doost thou vouchsafe Francesco to looke on her letters that is so lewd, to view her lines that are pawdred with flatterie, to heare her charmes that freeke thy preiudice, to listen to such a Calipso that aimes onely at thy substance, not at thy person? Whilst thou wert poore her forhead was full of frowns, and in her looks sate the stormes of disdaine: but when she sees thou hast feathered thy nest, & hast crowns in thy purse, shee would play the horse-leech to suck awaie thy wealth: & now would shee be thy harts gold, while she left thee not one dram of golde. Oh Francesco the hides her clawes, her looks for her play with the Tyger, thy weapon

with the Crocodile, and smiles with the Hiena, and flatters with the Panther, and vnder the couert of a sugred baite, shrowdes the intent of thy bane. Knowest thou not that as the Marble dropps against rayne, so their teares forepoynt mischiefe, that the fauours of a Curtizan are like the songs of the Grashoper, that euer fortel some fatal disparagement, Beware then Francesco (*Piscator ictus sapit*) shee hath once burnt thee, feare fire with the Childe: shee hath crost thee with disdaine, couet not her with desire: hate her, for in loathing such a one thou louest thy GOD. Returne not with the dog to the vomit, wallow not with swine in the myre, foresee not the best & follow the worst. And yet Francesco trust me shee is faire, beautifull and wise: I but with that a Curtizan: perhaps she will now loue thee faithfully; if she doe, fond man, is not her hartie liking, hatefull lust: dangerous to thy bodie, and damnation to thy Soule. Tis a saying not so common as true, that he which looketh continually against the Sunne shall at last be blinde; that whoso handleth pitch must needes be desiled, the tree that abideth many blasts, at last falleth by the Carpenters axe, the bird ẏ striketh at euery stale cannot long escape the snare, so long goeth the pitcher to the broke, that at last it comes broken home, and hee that securely swimmeth in sinne shall surely be drowned in iniquitie, who so bindeth two sins together shall neuer be vnreuenged in the one, and he that delighteth to offend in youth, shall no doubt feele the punishment. *Quod defertur non aufertur*. Though GOD for a time suffer a man to wallow in his owne wickednesse, and to say vnto his soule, Tush the Lord regardeth not the way of sinners, nor suspecteth the misdeedes of men, he is slow to wrath and proane to pittie: yet the Lord at last looketh downe from heauen and reuengeth all his grieuous sinnes with a heauy plague, yea hee rooteth him out from the face of the earth and his place is no more seene. Consider then Francesco, if the Lord suffer thee in thy iniquitie and defer present punishment, it is because his mercie may

 seeme

seeme the more, and thy sinne the greater. He that hath the dropsie, drinketh while he bursteth and yet not satisfied; the Horseleach hath two daughters that neuer crie enough; who so is stung with the Serpent Dipsas, burneth, but can neuer be cœled: and who so is inflamed with sinne, thirsteth continuallie after wickednes, vntill he hath supped the dregges of Gods displeasure, to his owne destruction. Beware by this, fall not into the trap, when thou seest the traine: for knowing the sinne, if thou offendest against thine own conscience; the Lord will send vpon thee cursing, trouble, and shame in all that thou settest thy hand vnto, and will not cease to reuenge vntill thou perish from off the face of the earth. Oh hast thou not at home an Isabel that is the wife of thy youth and the onely friend of thy bosome, indued with such exquisite beautie and exceeding vertue, that it is hard to iudge whether the pure complexion of her bodie, or the perfect constitution of her minde, holds the supremacie. And is not a peaceable woman and of a good heart, the gift of the Lord? There is nothing so much worth as a woman well instructed, a shamefast and faithfull woman is a double grace, and there is no treasure to bee compared to her continent mind: but as the glistering beames of ẏ sun when it ariseth, decketh the heauen: so the beautie of a good wife adorneth the house: & as golden pillers doe shine vpon the sockets of siluer, so doth a faire face in a vertuous minde. Shall the feare of God then Francesco be so farre from thine eyes as to leaue thine owne wife and imbrace a Curtizan, to leaue the law of God, and suffer thy heart to be subuerted by lust. The Lyon so abhorreth this crime, as he killeth the Lyonesse, for committing this fact. The Storke neuer medleth but with his mate. The Iacinth stone will not be worne on the finger of an adulterer, nor the Oliue grow, if plãted by one that leadeth his life in vnlawfull lusts: and wilt thou shew thy self more careles in this crime than bruit beasts, more reckles than vnreasonable creatures, more senseles than stones: yea far lesse in vertue than a man, & far more in

vice thā a beast. Thē wil the Lord look down from heauen, and plague thee with a heauy curse. At this clause standing a great while in a maze, at last hee stept to his standish and wrote this answere.

Francesco wisheth to Infida remorse of conscience, & regard of honesty.

I Haue read thy letters Infida wherin I hoped to haue found more honesty and lesse vanity; a signe of better thoughtes and lines of more remorse; else had I left them sealed, as I couet to leaue thee vnseene. But I perceiue as no time wil alter the Panther from his spots, the Mouse from hir feare, nor the Tyger frō his fearcenes; so neither date nor reason will change the conditiōs of a Curtizan: Thou writest thou art penitept, so I think, but it is not for thy sinnes; but that thou hast not libertie enough to sin, enioynd by some ouerthwart neighbour to be more honest than thou wouldst be, which is as great a penāce to one of thy trade, as a long pilgrimage to a sorrowful Palmer. A teare in a strōpets eie, is like heat drops in a bright sunshine: as much to be pitied, as the Crocadile when she weeps, a Curtezans laughter is like to lightning, ẏ beawtifies the Heauē for a blaze but forersis stormes and thunder. Art thou in loue with Francesco, marrie gippe Giglet, thy loue sits on thy tonges end, readie to leape off assoone as thy mouthe opens: and thine honestie hangs at thine eye, which falls away with euerie wink: thou art enueigled with my beawty, that is because thou hearest I haue a rich purse, not a faire face: for thou valewest as much of beautie without pence, as a horse of a fayre stable without prouēder. Thou art entised by my vertues, I wonder how that word vertue comes in thy mouth, when it is so far from thy heart; and yet no maruaile, for the most infectious Serpents haue sweetst breathes: and the commonest Curtezans, the most curteous speeches.

Thou wouldest haue mee grace thee with my presence, and renew our olde friendshippe: so I will, when I meane:

meane to giue my bodie to ꝑ Surgeon, & my Soule to the Diuell: for in louing thee, I muſt needes graunt this Legacie. Thy maſon is, that bones vnce broken, vnited againe, are the ſtrongeſt: I would thy neck might make the experience, and then I would truſt the inſtance. But why periſh I ſo much paper to ſo lewd a perſon? as I found thee at the firſt, I leaue thee at the laſt, euen empty gorgde to baite at a full purſe, inconſtant, falſe, periured, as far from God as thou art friend to the Diuell: and ſo adieu.

Franceſco penitent, and therefore
a perſecuter of curtizans.

AFter hee had written this letter he ſent it to Infida, who reading it, and ſeeing ſhee could gette no fauour at the hands of Franceſco, that wrought ſhe neuer ſo ſubtillie, yet her traines were diſcouered, that her painted lures could not make him ſtoop, ſo had he with reaſō reſelled his former follie: whē ſhe perceiued (I ſay) that all her ſweet potions were found to bee poyſons, though ſhee couered them neuer ſo clarkly: ſhe fell not in diſpaire with ouermuch loue, but ſworo in her ſelfe to intend him ſome ſecrete preiudice, if euer it lay in her by any meanes to procure it: but leauing her to the Iuſtice of him that poyſeth the deedes of ſuch impenitent perſons in his ballance, and committing Franceſco to the making of ſome ſtrange comedie, I will ſhew you how Fortune made an aſſault to the vnſtained affection of fayre Iſabel.

The diſcourſe of Iſabels Fortunes.

ISabel liuing thus penſiue in that ſhee wanted the preſence of her Franceſco, yet for her patience and vertue grew ſo famous, that all Caerbranick talked of her perfections

fections: her beautie was admired of euerie eye, her qualities applauded in euerie mans eare, that she was esteemed for a patterne of vertuous excellence throughout the whole Citie. Amongst the rest that censured of her curious fauours, there was one Signor Bernardo a Bourgomaster of the Citie, who chaunсing on a time to passe by the doore where Isabel soiourned; seeing so sweete a Saint, began to fall enamoured of so faire an obiect: and although he was olde, yet the fire of lust crept into his eyes and so inflamed his heart, that with a disordinate desire he began to affect her: but the renowme of her chastitie was such, that it almost quatted those sparkes that heated him on to such lasciuious affection. But yet when he calde to minde that want was a great stumbling blocke, and sawe the necessitie that Isabel was in, by the absence of Francesco, he thought gold would bee a readie meanes to gaine a womans good will, and therefore dispayred not of obtaining his purpose. After that this Signor Bernardo had well noted the exquisite perfection of her bodie, and how she was adorned with most speciall gifts of nature, he was so snared with the fetters of lasciuious Concupiscence, as reason could not reuoke what lust had ingrafted; his aged yeares yéelded vnto vanitie, so that he turned away his minde from God, and durst not lift vp his eyes vnto heauen, least it should be a witnesse of his wickednesse, or a corasiue to his guiltie conscience: for the remembrance of God is a terrour to the vnrighteous, and the sight of his creatures is a sting to the minde of the reprobate. He therefore feeling his diuelish heart to bee perplexed with such hellish passions, carelesse cast off the feare of God from before his eyes, neither remembring that hée was an Elder to giue good counsaile, nor a Iudge in the citie to minister right: his hoarie haires could not haue him from sinne, nor his calling conuert him from filthinesse, but he greedilie drunke vp the dregges of vnrighteousnesse, and carefullie bulled his braines to oppresse the simple: and to obtaine his purpose laide his plot thus. Being the chiefe

Bourgomaster in all the citie, he determined to make a priuie search for some suspected person; and being master of the watch himselfe, to goe vp into her chamber, and there to discouer the depth of his desire, so he thought to ioyne loue and opportunitie in one vnion, and with his office and his age to wipe out all suspition. Age is a crowne of glorie when it is adorned with righteousnesse, but the dregges of dishonor when tis mingled with mischiefe: for honourable age consisteth not in the tearme of yeares, nor is not measured by the date of a mans daies, but godlie wisedome is the gray haire, and an vndefiled life is olde age. The Herbe grace the older it is, the ranker smell it hath: the Sea starre is most blacke being olde: the Eagle the more yeares, the more croked is her bill; and the greater age in wicked men, the more vnrighteousnesse: which this Signor Bernardo tried true; for desire made him hate delay, and therefore within two or three nights, picking out a watch answereable to his wish, hee himselfe (as if it had been some matter of great import) went abroade, and to colour his follie with the better shadowe, hee searched diuers houses, and at last came to the place where Isabel lay, charging the host to rise and to shewe him her chamber; for (quoth he) I must conferre with her of most secret affaires. The good man of the house obeyed willinglie, as one that held Bernardo in great reuerence, and brought him and the watch to the chamber doore. Bernardo taking a candle in his hand, bad them all depart till he had talked with the Gentlewoman, which they did, and he entring in shutting the doore, found her fast on sleepe; which sight drawe the olde Lecher into a muse, for there seeing nature in her pride, lust inueagled him the more, that he sat on the bed side a great while viewing of her beautie: at last starting vp, he awake her out of a sweete slumber. Isabel looking vp, and seeing one of the Bourgomasters in the chamber, (for Bernardo was knowne for his grauitie and wealth of euery one in the Citie) she was amazed; yet gathering her wits together, raysing her selfe vp on her pillowe,

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although he knewe she did rightly refell his follie, and partly perceiued her counsaile cooled the extreame of his desires, yet the feare of God was so farre from him, that he prosecuted his intent thus.

Signor Bernardos answer to Isabels replie.

Why Isabel (quoth he) thinkest thou thy painted speaches, or thy hard denialls shall preuaile against my pretended purpose? No, he is a coward that yieldeth at the first shot, and he not worthie to weare the bud of beautie that is daunted with the first repulse. I haue the tree in my hand and meane to enioy the fruite: I haue beaten the bush and now will not let the birds flie: and seeing I haue you here alone, your sterne lookes shall stand for no sterling: but if you consent, bee assured of a most trustie friend; if not, hope for no other hap but open infamie. For thou knowest (Isabel) that a womans chiefest treasure is her good name, & that shee which hath crackt her credite is halfe hanged; for death ruts off all miseries, but discredit is ẏ beginning of all sorrowes. Sith then infamie is worse than losse of life, assure thy selfe I will sting thee to the quicke; for I will presentlie send thee to prison, and cause some Ruffian in the citie to [illegible]eare, that since ẏ absence of thy husband Francesco, he hath lien with thee, and for coyne vsed thee as his counsaile: so shall I blemish thine honour, tye thee to some open punishment, and make thee a laughing stocke to the world, odious to thy friends, and to liue hated of thy husband: mine office and authoritie, my age and honour shall shadow my pretence, and helpe greatly to frame thy preiudice. Seeing then (faire Isabel) thou shalt by consent keepe the report of thy chastitie, & by deniall gaine shame & reproach, shewe thy selfe a wise woman, and of two euils chuse the least. Isabel hearing the mischieuous pretence of this subtill Lecher, and seeing he had so cunningly laid the snare that she could not auoid the trap, but either she must incurre the daunger

of the bodie or the destruction of the soule, was so driuen into such a passionate dilemma, that she burst forth into teares, sighes and plaints, which she blubbred forth on this wise.

Alas (quoth she) most vile and vniust wretch, is the feare of God so farre from thy minde, that thou seekest not only to sacke mine honour, but to sucke my bloud? Is it not iniurie enough that thou seekest to spoyle mine honestie, but that you long to spill my life? Hath thy sweete loue pretended such bitter tast? Is this the fruite of your fained fancie? No doubt the cause must bee pernicious when the effect is so pestilent. Flatter not your selfe in this thy follie, nor sooth not thy thoughts in thy sinnes; for there is a God that seeth and will reuenge, and hath promised that who bindeth two sinnes together shall not be vnpunished in the one. But what auaileth it to talke of wisedome to a sole, or of the wrath of God to a wilfull reprobate. The Charmer charme hee neuer so wisely, charmes in vaine if the Adder be deafe; and he casteth stones against the winde that seeketh to draw the wicked from his follie: let me therefore (poore soule) more narrowlie consider mine owne case, I am perplexed with diuers doubtfull passions, and greeuous troubles assaileth me on euerie side: if I commit this crime though neuer so secretly, yet the Lord is [illegible] and peareth into the verie thoughts, and mine owne conscience will be a continuall witnesse against me of this wickednesse: *Stipendium peccati mors*, then what other hap can I hope for but perpetuall damnation, sith the Lord himselfe hath promised to bee a swift witnesse against all wilfull aduulterers: And if I consent not vnto this vnrighteous wretch, I am like to be vniustlie accused of the like crime, and so shall I being guiltlesse, haue mine honour euer blemisht with infamie. By this meanes what a discredite shall I bring to my parents, to my husband and my children: the hoarie haires of my father shall be brought with sorrowe vnto the graue, Francesco shall be ashamed to shewe his face in the streates

of

of the Citie, and my poore babes shall bee counted as the seede of an harlot: and yet alas I my selfe altogether lacklesse. Why my secret offence shal preuent al this open shame; The Lord is slow to wrath, and his mercie exceedeth al his workes: hee wisheth not the death of a sinner; and heartie repentance pacifieth his displeasure. But oh vile wretch that I am, why doe I blaspheme thus against the Lord and his Law? why doe I breathe out these hellish speeches? Can I say I will repent at my pleasure? or shall I therefore sinne in hope because the Lorde is mercifull? No no, it is better for me to fall into thy handes and not commit the offence, than to sinne in the sight of the Lord: shal I not rather feare God than man; and dread him more that killeth both soule and body, than him that hath power but to kil the bodie onely? Yet his feare shall be my defence. And with that shee raysed her selfe vp, spitted in his face, and wisht him to doe his worst: whereupon he called vp the watch, and commanded her to make her reedie, for shee should to prison. Her Host wondring what the cause should bee, as a man priuie to her actions and the vertue of her life; would haue giuen his word for her, that she should the next day answere whatsoeuer should be obiected against her: but his worde woulde not be taken; for Bernardo was full of furie, & caried her away to prison; where deepely grieued, and yet smothering her sorrow with patience, she laie the rest of the night: the next morrow assoone as day brake, she cald for pen and inck and wrote this mournfull Sonnet.

Isabels Sonnet that she made in prison.

Veritas non quærit Angulos.

No storme so sharp to rent the little Reede,
For sild it breakes though euery way it bend;
The fire may heat but not consume the Fiest,
The gold in furnace purer is indeede.

Report that sild to honour is a friend,
May many lies against true meaning myxt:
But yet at last,
Gainst slanders blast,
Truth doth the silly sackles soule defend.

Though false reproach seeks honour to distaine,
And enuy bites the bud though nere so pure,
Though lust doth seek to blemish chast desire:
Yet truth that brookes not fashoods slanderous staine,
Nor can the spight of enuies wrath indure:
Will trie true loue from lust in iustice fire:
And maulger all
Will free from thrall
The guiltles soule that keepes his footing sure.

Where innocence triumpheth in her prime,
And guilt cannot approue the honest mind,
Where chast intent is free from any misse,
Though enuie striue, yet searching time
With piercing insight will the truth out finde,
And make discouerie who the guiltie is:
For time still tries
The truth from lies:
And God makes open what the world doth blinde.

Veritas Temporis filia.

ISabel wetting her sonnet with teares, and pronouncing euery line with a sigh, sate in a dump. Whilest the fame of this fact was spread abroad throughout al Caerbrack, euery man began sundrie coniectures as affection led them: her friendes sorrowing suspected the cankred mind of the Burgomaster; yet for his calling durst not discouer their suspition: his foes laughing saide, that dissembled holynes was a double sinne, and that the holiest countenaunce hath

not alwaies the honestest conscience: Both friend and foe notwithstanding wondring at the straunge chaunce, seeing her outward actions did manifest so many vertues. Well, to bee briefe, Signor Bernardo assembling the other Burgomasters of the towne into the common Hall, sent for Isabel thither; at whose comming, (as the nature of man is desirous of nouelties) a great prease of people was present, to heare ye matter throughly canuased: When Isabel was thus brought before the bar, Signor Bernardo (who had suborned a young man in the Citie, solemnly to depose) that hee had lyen with Isabel; began his inuectiue thus. I am forie graue Citizens and inhabitants of Caerbranck, that this day I am come to accuse Isabel, whose vertues hitherto hath won her many fauours, and the outward shew of her good qualities hath been highly applauded of al men: but my conscience cõstraines me not to cõceale such haynous sin, nor to smother vp so great an offence without rebuke. I am one of the Iudges & Elders of the people, appoynted by God, chosen by the multitude, and constrained by the law, to haue no respect of persõs, neither to be too rigorous to my foe, nor too partiall to my friend; but with the ballance of equitie to measure euery man according to his merite, and with the sword of Iustice to vpholde vertue, and beate downe vice: This considered, I am forced to discouer a wicked deede that this Isabel hath committed: and that is this.

This young man here present, for a certaine summe of money; compounded to lie with Isabel, and for pence had his pleasure on her; she alluring him with such wylie amorettes of a Curtizan, that in her companie he hath consumed all his substance: The young mans friends seeing his follie, and that no perswasions could disswade him from affecting her, made complaint vnto me: whereupon I examined him, and found him not onely guiltie of the crime, but tractable to be reclaimed from his follie; seeing then Citizens of Caerbranck, such a Curtizan as this may vnder ye colour of holines shrowd much prejudice, & allure many of our youth to

 mischiefes,

mischiefes, I thought it my duety to bring her into open infamie that she may be punished for her fault, knowen for a harlot, and from hence forth line dispised and hated of all. For proofe that shee hath liued long in this leawd kinde of life, this young man shall here before you all make present deposition; and with that he reacht him a bible: wherein he swore that hee had long time conuersd dishonestly with Isabel, euer since the departure of her husband. At which oath the people that were Iurours in the cause, beleeuing the protestation of Bernardo, and the deposition of the youth, presently found hir guiltie: and then Bernardo and the rest of the Burgomasters gaue iudgement, that she should presently haue some open and seuere punishment, after be banished out of the town. Assoone as Isabel heard the censure, she appeald for no mercy, nor bashed any whit, as one destrous of fauour; but lifting vp her eyes to heauen, onely sayd thus. O God which seest the secrets of all hearts, and knowest all things before they come to passe, which discernest the very inward thoughts, and triest the heart and the reines: Thou knowest that because I would not consent into the filthie lust of this doting lecher; nor agree by defiling my husbands bed to fulfil his fleshly desires, that he hath slandred me with that crime whereof I was neuer guilty, that he hath produced this young man by sinister subornation to periure himself in a fault whereas not so much as in thought I cõmitted such a fact; he hath to satisfie his malicious mind without cause deuised this false crime. I confesse O Lord to be a most grieuous offender, and to deserue farre greater punishment, but not for this deede. Heare then O Lord my prayer, and let the innocence of my case plead before thy diuine maiestie: if it be thy will preuent his practises, confound his counsels and let him which hath digged the pit for others, fall into the snare himselfe. Thou hast neuer as yet O Lord left the succourles without helpe. but hast deliuered them which feare thee frõ al aduersitie: thou diddest set free Ioseph from the handes of his brethren which sought to spill his

bloud,

bloud, and didst preuent the practises of Saul, intended against thy seruant Dauid: Elizeus being besieged within Dotham was not onely freed from his foes, but also guarded about with a troupe of holy Angels: Elias was preserued from the crueltie of Iesabel, and fed with Rauens. But chiefly in my case; howe mightily didst thou shewde Susanna from the treacherie of the two Elders in raysing vp young Daniel to maintaine her right? May who hath trusted in thy mercie, which hath come to misshappe: or who hath put his hope in thee and hath suffered harme. DO O Lord, if it be thy will thou canst disclose the deuise of this Signor Bernardo, and vnfolde the follyes of this false witnesse: helpe then O LORD, for in thee is my trust.

The people hearing the solemne protestation of sorrowful Isabel, thought she had spoken these words to excuse her fault, but not that shee was guiltles of the fact; giuing more credite to the reuerend age of Bernardo, and the oath of the young man countenanst out by the Burgomaster; than to the young yeares of a simple woman, supposing her speaches were more of custome to cloake her follies, than of conscience to cleare her of that crime; and therefore they would haue returned her back againe vnto prison, till the day assigned for her punishment. As shee was readie to be caried away, her which had accused Isabel start vp as a man lunaticke, and cried out vnto the people: Thus I haue sinned men of Caerbranck, I haue sinned; the thought of my present periurie is a hell to my conscience; for I haue sworne falsly against the innocent, and haue consented to condemne Isabel without cause: and with that her discourse at the barre how Signor Bernardo had subborned him against the Gentlewoman, and how in all his life before he neuer was in her companie. Vppon which confession of the young man, the Burgomasters examined the matter more effectually, and found that Isabel was cleare, chast, honest and vertuous, and Bernardo now a doting lecher: whereupon

they not onely amerced him in a great fine, to bee payde to Isabel, but put him for euer after from bearing any office in the Citie.

Thus was Isabel deliuered from her enimies, and reckoned more famous for her chastitie throughout Caerbranck. This strange euent spred abroad through all the countrey, and as fame flies swift and far, so at last it came to the eares of Francesco: for he sitting in *Troynouant* at an ordinarie amongst other Gentleman, heard this fortune of Isabel reported at the table for straunge newes, by a Gentleman of Caerbranck, who brought in Isabel for a myrrour of chastitie, and added this more, that she was married to a Gentleman of a ripe witte, good parentage, and well skild in the liberall Sciences, but (quoth he) an vnthrift; and one that hath not beene with his wife this fiue yeares. At this all the table condemned him as passing vnkinde, that could wrong so vertuous a wife with absence: He was silent and blusht, feeling the worme of his conscience to wring him; and that with such a sharpe sting, that assoone as he got into his chamber, he fell to meditate with himselfe of the great abuses he offered his wife, the excellence of her exteriour perfection, her beautie, vertue, and other rare ornaments of nature presented themselues into his thoughts, that he began not onely to be passing passionate; but deepely penitent, sorrowing as much at his former follies, as his hope was to ioy in his ensuing good fortunes: Now he saw that *Omnia sub sole vanitas*: that beautie without vertue was like to a glorious flower without any operation, which the Apothecaries set in their shoppes for to be seene, but assoone as it withereth, they cast it into the furnace as an vnprofitable weede: that the imbracings of a Curtizan seeme they neuer so sweete, yet they were the paths to destruction, that their lookes were stales vnto death, and the foldes of their handes are fetters to snare men in sinne. Now hee sawe that pride was extreame folly, for such as looke most high against the Sunne grew soonest blinde: that Icarus caught his

his fall, by losing high: that time ill spent in venitie, in ryotous companie, amongst a crew of careleſſe Caualiers, that would boaſt it in the towne, not haue in the fielde: was neither to bee recalled nor recompenſt. Oh Francesco (quothhee) how sone hast thou beene lead away with euery looke, fed vppon with Trencher flies, eaten alive with flatterers, giuen to looke at a Gonoelle more than thy God, more readie to a Bowle than thy Booke, squaring in the ſtreetes when thou shouldeſt bee meditating in thy chamber. If thou knowest theſe to be extreame parts of follie, repent and amende: The Deare knowing Tamariſk is deadly to his nature, ſcornes to come neare the tree. The Unicorne will not hooke to reſt vnder a Cytron tree, for that hee holdes it mortall: The Elephant will flie out of the companie of a murtherer. Theſe brute beaſts auoide what nature tells them is perilous: thou hunteſt after thoſe harmes with greedineſſe, that thou knowest are preiudiciall.

Well Francesco, then now or elſe neuer away with ſuch follies; ſtoppe at the bottome, and then it is *Sero*, yet let it bee *Serò*: home to thy wife of thy youth, recontile thy ſelfe to her, ſhe will forgiue and forget thy former vnkindneſſe, and entertaine her penitent paramour, with as great kindneſſe as he comes home with penaunce: What man, *Nauigauerà alti ad bonos mores via.* With that Francesco tooke pen and paper, and wrote this Sonnet.

Francescoes Sonnet, made in the prime of his penaunce.

With ſweating browes I long haue plowde the ſands
My ſeede was youth, my croppe was endleſſe care:
Repent hath ſent me home with empty hands
At laſt, to tell how vaine our follies are:

And

And time hath left experience to approue:
The gaine is griefe to those that trafique loue.

The silent thought of my repentant yeares
That fill my head, haue cald me home at last:
Now loue vnmaske a wanton wretch apeares;
Begot by guilefull thought with ouer hast.
In prime of youth a rose, in age a Weede,
That for a minutes ioye payes endlesse neede.

Dead to delights, a foe to fond conceipt,
Allied to wit by want, and sorrow bought:
Farewell fond youth, long fostred in deceipt:
Forgiue me Time disguisd in idle thought.
And Loue adew, loe hasting to mine ende;
I finde no time too late for to amend.

HAuing framed this sonet, he gaue the coppy to some of his friends: making manifest to them his resolution to leaue *Treynouant*, and to go home, and by their help, who furnished him with such necessaries as he did want, he in short time tooke his iourney. The day of his departure was ioyfull to all his friends, in so much that as many as knew of his Iurney, gathered themselues together, and made him a banquet; where (verie merie and pleasant) they karoust to the health of his Isabel: One amongst the rest who loued Francesco so tenderlie, tooke a cuppe of wine in his hand, & with teares in his eies, said thus: Francesco, I haue nothing to giue thee, being my selfe pinched with want: but some preceptes of witte that I haue bought with much experience, those shalt thou haue at my handes. which if thou put in practise, think I haue giuen much treasure.

The farewell of a friend.

1 Let gods worship be thy mornings work,
and his wisedome the direction of thy daies labour.

2 Rise

2 Riſe not without thankes, nor ſleepe not without repentance.

3 Chooſe but a fewe friends and trie thoſe; for the flatterer ſpeakes faireſt.

4 If thy wife be wiſe make her thy Secretarie, elſe locke thy thoughts in thy heart, for women are ſildome ſilent.

5 If ſhe be faire, bee not iealous; for ſuſpition cures not womens follies.

6 If ſhe be wiſe, wrong her not: for if thou loueſt others ſhe will loath thee.

7 Let thy childrens nourture be their richeſt portion: for wiſedome is more precious than wealth.

8 Be not proude amongſt thy poore neighbours: for a poore mans hate is perilous.

9 Nor too familiar with great men: for preſumption wins diſdaine.

10 Neither bee too prodigall in thy fare, nor die not indebted to thy bellie, but enough is a feaſt.

11 Bee nor enuious, leaſt thou fall in thine owne thoughts.

12 Vſe patience, mirth, and quiet: for care is enemie to health.

And Franceſco (quoth his friend) that thou maieſt remember my precepts I drinke to thee. Vpon this he pledged him, and ſo in pleaſant chat they paſt away the time till breakfaſt was done, and then he gat him to horſe, and then brought him a mile out of the Citie. At laſt, although they playd loth to depart, yet Franceſco muſt away; but before he departed, when they were ready to ſhake hands, he puld out of his ſleeue a Sonnet that he had made and gaue them it. The effects were theſe.

F. Franceſco

Francescos Sonnet cald his parting blow.

Reason that long in prison of my will
Hast wept thy mistris wants and losse of time:
Thy wonted siege of honour safely clime,
To thee I yeeld as guiltie of mine ill.

Lo (fettered in their teares) mine eyes are prest
To pay due homage to their native guide,
My wretched heart wounded with bad betide,
To crave his peace from reason, is addrest.

My thoughts ashamd since by themselues consumd,
Haue done their duetie to repentant wit:
Ashamde of all sweete guide I serie sit,
To see in youth how I too farre presumde.

Thus he whom loue and errour did betray,
Subscribes to thee, and takes the better way.
Sero sed serio.

Assone as hee had deliuered them the Sonnet, shaking hands, he put spurres to his horse and roade onward on his iourney: within fiue daies hee arriued at Caerbrancke, where assone as he was lighted he went to the house where his wife soiourned, and one of the maides espying Francesco, yet knewe him for all his long absence, and ranne in and tolde it to Isabel that her husband was at the doore: she being at worke in her chamber, sat at this newes as one in an extasie, vntill Francesco came vp, who at the first sight of his wife, considering the excellencie of her beautie, her vertues, chastitie, and other perfections, and measuring her constancie with his disloyaltie, stoode as a man metamorphosed: at last he began thus.

Ah-

Ah Isabel, what shal I say to thy fortunes or my follies? what exordium shall I vse to shewe my penance, or discouer my sorrowes, or expresse my present loues? For I tell thee I conceiue as great pleasure to see thee well, as griefe in that I haue wronged thee with my absence. Might sighes, (Isabel) teares, plaints, or any such exteriour passions pourtray out my inward repentance, I would shewe thee the Anatomie of a most distressed man: but amongst many sorrowing thoughts there is such a confusion, that superfluitie of griefes stops the source of my discontent. To figure out my follies or the extremitie of my fancies, were but to manifest the bad course of my life, and to rub the scarre by seeing out mine owne scathe: and therefore let it suffice, I repent heartelie, I sorrowe deeplie, and meane to amend and continue in the same constancie. At this Francesco stoode and wept, which Isabel seeing, conceiued by his outward griefes his secret passions, and therefore taking him about the necke, wetting his cheekes with the teares that fell from her eyes, she made him this womanlie, and wise answere.

What Francesco, comest thou home ful of woes, or seekest thou at thy returne to make me weepe? hast thou been long absent, and now bringest thou me a treatise of discontent? I see thou art penitent, and therefore I like not to heare what follies are past. It sufficeth Isabel that henceforth thou wilt loue Isabel, and vpon that condition without any more wordes welcome to Isabel. With that she smiled and wept, and in doing both together sealed vp all her contrarie passions in a kisse. Many lookes past betweene them, many odde fancies and many fauours: but what they did, or how they agreed in secrete that I cannot tell, but sooth they came great friends out of the chamber, where Francesco was welcomed home of his wifes host with great cheere who to shewe his kindnesse the more, had prouided a solemne banquet, hauing bidden many of his neighbours to supper, that they might accompanie Francesco:

Well, supper being done and they sitting by the fire, the host seeing them all in a dumpe, sayd, that to driue them out of their melancholie he would tell them a tale, which they al desirous of, sat silent, and he began thus.

The Hosts tale.

IN Thessalie, where Nature hath made the soyle proude with the beautie of Shepheards, there dwelled a swayne called Selador; auncient, as hauing age seated in his haires; and wealthie, as infeoffed with great possessions; and honest, as being indued with many vertuous qualities. This Selador had to top him in his age a daughter of great beautie, so exquisite in her exteriour feature, as no blemish might eclipse the glorie that Nature bestowed in her liniaments. As thus she was faire, so was she wise, and with her wit ioyned vertue, that to behold, she was Helena; to heare, Pallas; and to court, a Daphne. This Damosell whose name was Mirimida, kept her fathers shéepe, & in a scarlet petticoate, with a chaplet of flowers on her head, went euery day to the fields, where she plide the care of her fathers folds with such diligence, that she seemed with Labour to enter armes against Loue, & with her hands chiefe to preuent her hearts greefe. Thus daylie the playnes of Thessalie, the Shepheards delighted at the gaze of so excellent an obiect, and held their eyes fortunate when they might behold her feature, estéeming him happie that could lay his flockes néerest to her folds. Amongst the rest of all the swaynes that fed their thoughts on her fauours, there was one called Eurymachus, a young youth that had the pride of his peares triumphing in his countenance, wittie and full of pleasant conceipts, and that Fortune might iumpe with loue, and make him gracious in womens eyes he was wealthie; for gold is the Thisbe of loue. This Eurymachus alwaies so plotted the course of his shéepe walke,

walke, that he was next neighbour to Mirimida, in so much that to discouer his fancie hee did her often fauours; for when any of her Lambes went astray, or any thing grewe amisse, then Eurymachus was the swayne that indeuoured by his labour to redresse euery losse. By this meanes hee waxed priuate and familiar with Mirimida, which was the meanes that wrought him into a preiudiciall labyrinth; for he did so neere *accedere ad ignem*, that hee did *calescere plus quam satis*: for as none comes neere the fume of the Pitselden but he waxeth blind, nor any touch the Salamander but he is troubled with the palsie; so none could gaze on the face of Mirimida but they went away languishing. This did proue Eurymachus experience: for although he knewe Loues fires were fatall, and did not warme but scortch; yet he loued with the bird to flie to the flame though he burnt his wings and fell in the bush; he would not with Vlisses stop his eares, but sit and sing with the Syrens; he feared no inchantment, but carouse with Circes, till his ouerdaring drewe him into a passionate danger, and so long sucke in the beautie of Mirimida with his euer thirstie eyes, till his hart was fuller of passions, than his eyes of affections: yet discouer his thoughts he durst not, but smothered vp his inward paynes with outward silence; hauing the Ouen the hotter within for that it was damd vp, and his greefes the deeper for that they were concealed. To manifest his maladie to her he durst not, he thought himselfe too homely a patient for such a Phisition: to vtter his loues to another and make any his Secretarie but himselfe, he supposed was to drawe in a riuall to his loues. Thus was Eurymachus perplexed, till at last to giue a little vent to the flame, sitting on a day on a hill, hee pulde forth pen and incke, and wrote this fancie.

Eurymachus fancie in the prime of his affection.

When lordly Saturne in a sable roabe
Sat full of frownes and mourning in the West,
The euening starre scarce peept from out her lodge,
And Phœbus newly gallops to his rest:
Euen then
Did I
Within my boate sit in the silent streames,
All voyd of cares as he that lies and dreames.

As Phaos a Ferriman I was,
The countrie lasses fayd I was too faire,
With easie toyle I labourd at mine oare,
To passe from side to side who did repaire:
And then
Did I
For paines take pence, and Charon like transport
Assoone the swayne as men of high import.

When want of worke did giue me leaue to rest,
My sport was catching of the wanton fish:
So did I weare the tedious time away,
And with my labour mended oft my dishe
For why
I thought
That idle houres were Calenders of ruth,
And time ill spent was preiudice to youth.

I scornd to loue, for were the Nimph as faire
As she that loued the beauteous Latmian swayne,
Her face, her eyes, her tresses, nor her browes
Like Iuorie could my affection gaine:

For

For why
I said
With high disdaine, Loue is a base desire,
And Cupids flames, why the' are but watrie fire.

As thus I sat disdayning of proud loue,
Haue ouer Ferriman there cried a boy,
And with him was a paragon, for hue
A louely damosell beauteous and coy,
And there
With her
A maiden, couered with a tannie vale,
Her face vnseene for breeding louers bale.

I stird my beate, and when I came to shoare
The boy was wingd, me thought it was a wonder:
The dame had eyes like lightning, or the flash
That runnes before the hot report of thunder;
Her smiles
Were sweete,
Louely her face: was neere so faire a creature,
For earthly carkasse had a heauenly feature.

My friend (quoth she) sweete Ferriman behold,
We three must passe, but not a farthing fare,
But I will giue (for I am Queene of loue)
The brightest lasse thou lik'st vnto thy share,
Choose where
Thou louest,
Be she as faire as Loues sweete Ladie is,
She shall be thine if that will be thy blisse.

With that she smiled with such a pleasing face,
As might haue made the marble rocks relent:
But I that triumpht in disdaine of loue,
Bad fie on him that to fond loue was bent,

And I

And then
Said thus,
So light the Ferriman for loue doth care,
As Venus passe not, if she pay no fare.

At this a frowne sat on her angrie brow,
She winkes vpon her wanton some hard by:
He from his quiuer drew a bolt of fire,
And aym'd so right as that he pearst mine eye:
And then
Did she
Draw downe the vale that hid the virgins face,
Whose heauenly beautie lightned all the place.

Straight then I leande mine arme vpon mine care,
And tooke vpon the Nymph (if so) was faire:
Her eyes were starres, and like Apolles locke
Me thought appeard the tramels of her haire.
Thus did
I gaze
And sucke in beautie till that sweete desire
Cast fuell on and set my thought on fire.

When I was lodg'd within the net of loue,
And that they saw my heart was all on flame,
The Nymph away, and with her trips along
The winged boy, and with her goes his dame.
Oh then
I cried
Stay Ladies stay and take not any care,
You all shall passe and pay no penny fare.

Away they fling, and looking coylie backe
They laugh at me: oh with a lounde disdaine.
I send out sighes to ouertake the Nimphs,
And teares as lures to call them backe againe:

But they
Flie thence,
But I sit in my boate, with hand on oare,
And feele a paine, but knowe not whats the sore.

At last I feele it is the flame of loue,
I striue but bootlesse to expresse the paine,
It cooles, it fires, it hopes, it feares, it frets,
And stirreth passions throughout euery vaine.
That downe
I sat,
And sighing did fuire Venus lawes approoue,
And swore no thing so sweete and sowre as loue.
Et florida pungunt.

Hauing made this Canzon he put it in his bosome, and oft when he was by himselfe would reade it, easing his passion with viewing the conceipts of his owne fancie: on a day hauing brought downe his sheepe he espies Mirimida, and to her he goes, and after his wonted salute sat downe by her, and fell to such chat as occasion did minister, intermedling his passion with so many sighes, and firing his eye so effectually vpon her face without remoue, that she perceiued the Shepheard had swallowed Aconiton, and that there was none but she that bore the Antidote. As thus she noated his passions, she espied a scrole of paper sticking out of his bosome, which she snatcheth forth and vnfoldeth, and perceiuing it was a Sonnet she read it, and then looking earnestlie on Eurymachus her blusht, and she with a friendly smile began to crosse him with this frumpe.

What Eurymachus, cannot wonted labours wipe away wanton Amours, nor thy sheepes care preuent thy hearts loue? I had thought fancie had not troad on thy hiele, nor affection presented any obiect to thine eye; but now I sie as the Camelion cannot liue without ayre, nor the Salamander without fire: so men haue no quiet in their life, vnlesse

they acquaint them with loue: I see swaynes are not such swads but they haue thoughts and passions, and be they neuer so lowe they can looke at beautie. Corydon in his gray cassocke had his faire Phillis, and Menalcas could court Galatea in his Shepheards cloake, and Eurymachus be he neuer so homely will hazarde, but at whome there lies the question.

At whom (quoth Eurymachus) ah Mirimida, at one that is too high for my thoughts, and too beauteous for my fortunes: so that as I haue soared with the Hobby, I shall bate with the Bunting; & daring with Phaeton, I shall drowne with Icarus: mine eye was too proude, my thoughts too forward; I haue stared at a starre, but shall stumble at a stone, and I feare because I haue ouerlookt in loue, I shal be ouerlaid in loue. With that he sighed, and Mirimida smiled and made this replie. Why Eurymachus, a man or a mouse? what is there any Cedar so high but the slowest snaple will crépe to the top? any fortune so base but will aspire; any loue so precious but hath his prize? What Eurymachus, a Cat may looke at a King, and a swaynes eye hath as high a reach as a Lords looke. Vulcan in his leather sutes courted Venus in her silkes: the swayne of Latmos woed Luna, both dares, and both had their desires. What? Loue requires not wealth but courage, & parentage is not so high prized by fancie as personage: feare not man, if thou hast lookt hie, followe thy thoughts, and crie loues fauours, for denial is no dishonour. Eurymachus hearing Mirimida in such an amorous humour, incouraged by her perswasions, thought now to strike while the yron was hot, and therefore taking her by the hand began thus.

Trueth Mirimida, Venus lawes are bounded with constraint, and when loue leadeth the eye, desire kéepes no compasse: when Paris courted Helena, though she were coy and denied, yet was she not discourteous & disdained; for she answered thus mildly: *Nemo etenim succenset amanti.* This (Mirimida) makes me hardie to take thee by the hand, and so

to say I loue Mirimida; for thou art the Sunne that hath eclipst mine eyes, and thy beautie haue I so long gazed on, that as they which were wounded with Achilles Launce, could not be healed but by the same truncheon: so thine excellence hath fettered Eurymachus, that thy courtesie must free Eurymachus. I confesse I haue lookt too high, but I excuse my presumption by thine owne principles; and if I haue dared too much, why loue allowes it. Then fayre Nymph, if thou beest as beautifull as Venus, yet looke at blacke Vulcan; lowe fortunes haue high desires; if thou beest as louely as Luna, stoope to Endymion; a swayne may bee as constant as a king; Shepheards loues are loyall, for their eyes are like Emeralds that receiue but one impression, and their hearts like Adamants that will turne no way but to one poynt of the heauen. Mirimida frowning at the follie of the Shepheard, cut him off thus.

If thou knewest how bad ẏ corne is Eurymachus (quoth she) thou wouldest not put thy sickle so farre in: and seeing your haruest is like to be so little, spare labour & work not so hard: if you haue lookt at my beautie, your aime is not beyond compasse, your high straines are but frumps, and so I take them; for he that cals a Faulcon a Phenix, is but a flatterer, and such as tearme their leaues Saints, are thought but to vtter words of course. Well, howsoeuer if you loue me I like you, but so as Dianas fancie was to Apollo, to be his friend in the field & his foe in the chamber; to fauour him as hee was a huntsman, but to hate him when hee chatted of loue: so Eurymachus, so long as thou foldest thy flockes with Mirimida thou art welcome to Mirimida; but if thou castest forth thy lure to haue Mirimida loue, then I will leaue thee to thy follie, as one that hates to bee drawne to fancie; for knowe, that as the Oliue tree will brook no touch of steele; the Agyte no heat of fire: so Mirimidas eares are not capable of any amorous perswasions, and therefore friend Eurymachus, any thing but loue, and so I leaue you.

Nay (quoth Eurymachus) and hee tooke her fall by the arme, if I were sure you had power as Diana had to plague me with Acteons punishment, you passe not without a little more pyattie; if I anger you, tis first a preparation to a good stomacke, for choller is a friend to digestion: secondly, as the Chrisocoll and the golde by long stirring together growe to bee one mettall; so by our falling out we shall be better friends: for

Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est.

Therefore (faire Willris) sit still and graunt some favour to him that is so pained with fancie, I will love you though I am poore, and a King can do but so much: if you thinke my degree be too lowe for so high beautie, thinke of all parts the meane is the merriest, and that the Shepheards grop hath lesse griefe than the Lordly estates: I knowe women must be coy, because they are women, and they must have time to be wome, or else they would be thought to be wantons: therefore whatsoever you say now I holde it not authenticall, yet for that I would have some hope, good Mirimida let me see thee laugh. She could not but smile to see the Shepheard so pleasant, and so Eurymachus rested content, and from amorous chat they fell to talke of other matters till evening grewe on, and then they folded their sheepe and with a friendly farewell parted.

Eurymachus was not alone thus enamoured of the faire Mirimida, but all the Shepheards of Thessalie wan Posies and Ditties of her beautie, and were suters to her for favour; she like Daphne held love in disdaine, and yet was courteous to all in any other kinde of conference. Amongst the rest, Venus (belike) willing to bee pleasant, had wrapt one in the labyrinth of love called Mullidor, a fellowe that was of honest parents, but very poore, and his personage was as if he had been cast in Esops mould, his backe like a Lute, and his face like Thersites, his eyes hollow and catlike, his haire harsh and curled like a horse mane, his legs were of the largest size in folio, able to furnish a Coblers shoppe

with

with clowting leather: the onely good part that he had to grace his visage was his nose, and that was conquerour like, as beaked as an Egle: Nature hauing made so proper a stripling, thought his inward qualities should not blemish his outward excellence, and therefore to keepe proportion into his great head she put little wit, that he knewe rather his shéepe by the marke than the number, for he was neuer no good Arithmetician, and yet he was a proper scholler and well seene in Ditties. This ruffling Shepheard amongst the rest, and more than any of the rest was enamoured of Mirimida, so that he would often leaue his shéepe at randon to passe by the fields where she sat only to feede his eye with her fauour. Well, as fooles haue eyes so they haue hearts, and those oft harbour fond desires: Loue sometimes lookes lowe, and will stumble on a cottage as well as on a pallace: fooles are in extremities not easilie to bee perswaded from their bable, and when they begin to loue, follie whets them on to restlesse thoughts. So fell it out with Mullidor, for after he had tasted of the beautie of Mirimida he grewe passionate, but with great impatience, and wasted away in the despaire of his owne desires, that he was waxen pale and wan: which his olde mother espying, maruelling to see her sonne so malecontent, for she loued him tenderlie, and thought him the swéetest youth and the brauest young man in all Thessalie. The Crowe thinkes her foules the fairest, and the Ape accompts of his young as well featured darlings: so Callena (for so was the olde womans name) thought Mullidor no lesse, though his eares were greater than an Asse, but held him of a swéete personage and a rare wit. Well, the poore olde wife when her sonne came home at night, seeing how ill he lookt, maruelled what should bee the cause of this suddaine change; yet because she would follow ẏ principles of countrie phisick, she thought to passe ouer speaking to him til supper were done, to try what stomack he had. Well, the cloath was laid, and the browne loafe set on the board, Mullidor full of passion

sat downe to his pottage and eate off his boale full, the old woman stumbles to the pot againe for a fresh melle. Ah mother (quoth hee with a great sigh) no more breath to night: with that she clapt her hand on her knee, and swore her boy was not well that hee forsooke his supping, yet hee fell to a peece of bacon that stood on the board, and a tough barley pudding: but he rose before the rest and gat him into a corner, where folding his armes together he sat thinking on his love. Assone as the rest of the swaynes were vp from the table and turning Crabbes in the fire, she tooke her sonne into the seller, and sitting downe in her chaire began thus.

Sonne Mullidor, thy cheekes are leane, and thou lookest like lenton, pale & wanne, I saw by thy stomacke to night thou art not thine owne man, thou hadst alate (God saue thee) a louely fat paire of cheekes, and now thou lookest like a shotten herring: Tell me Mullidor, and feare not to tell me, for thou tellest it to thy mother, what aylest thou? Is it griefe of bodie or of minde that keepes thee on holidaies from frisking it at the footeball? Thou art not as thou wert wont, & therefore say what thou aylst, and thou shalt see old women haue good counsaile.

At these speeches of his mother, Mullidor fetcht a great sigh, and with that (being after supper) he brake winde: which Callena hearing, oh sonne (quoth she) tis the Collick that troubles thee; to bed man, to bed, and wee will haue a warme potion. The Collick mother, no tis a disease that all the cunning women in the Countrie cannot cure, and strangely it holdes me; for sometimes it paynes me in the head, somewhiles in mine eyes, my heart, my heart, oh there mother it playes the diuell in a morter; somewhile it is like a frost, cold; sometimes as a fire, hot: when I should sleepe then it makes me wake; when I eate it troubles my stomacke; when I am in companie it makes me sigh; and when I am alone it makes me crie right out, that I can

wet one of my newe Lockeram napkins with weeping. It came to me by a great chaunce: for as I looke on a faire flower, a thing I knowe not what crept in at mine eyes, and ranne round about all my vaynes, and at last gat into my heart, and there euer since hath remained, and there mother euer since so wrings me, that Mullidor must dye, and with that he fell on weeping.

Callena seeing her sonne shed teares, fell to her hempen apron and wipt her bleared eyes, and at last demaunded of him if it were not loue. At that question he hung downe his head and sighthed. Ah my sonne (quoth she) now I see tis loue; for he is such a sneaking fellowe, that if he but leape in at the eylid and diue downe into the heart, and there rests as colde as a stone, yet touch him and he will scrike: for tell me Mullidor, what is she that thou louest and will not loue thee? If she bee a woman as I am, she cannot but fancie thée; for mine eye though it bee now olde (and with that vp went her apron and she wipt them cléere) hath béen a wanton when it was young, and would haue chosen at the first glance the properest springall in the Parish: and trust me Mullidor, but bée not proude of it, when I looke on thee I finde thee so louely, that I count her worse than accurst would not choose thee for her Paramour. With these woordes Mullidor began to smile, and troubled his mother ere she had halfe ended her tale on this manner.

Mother, I may rightly compare the Church to a looking glasse; for as man may see himselfe in the one, and there see his proportion: so in the other the wenches eyes are a testificate; for vppon whome you see all the girles looke, hée for foote and face carries away the bell, and I am sure for these two yeares I neuer come into the Church and was no sooner set, but the wenches began to winke one on another to looke on mée and laugh. Oh ware mother when a dogge wagges his taile hée loues his master,

and

and when a woman laughs, for my life she is ouer the head & eares in loue. Then if my fortune serue me to be so well thought on, why should I not venter on her I loue. It is (mother) Seladons daughter Mirimida. Now Gods blessing on thy heart (quoth Callena) for louing such a snugge lasse, marrie her (my sonne) and thou shalt haue my benizon in a clowte. Mirimida? marie tis no maruell if thy cheekes are fallen for her: why, she is the fairest blossome in all the towne: to her sonne, to her, tricke thy selfe vp in thy best reparrell, & make no bones at it but on a woing: for womens desires, I may tell thee boy, are like childrens fancies, won oft with an apple when they refuse an Angell, and Mullidor take this with thee and feare not to speede: A womans frowne is not euer an instance of choller: if she refuse thee outwardlie, she regards thee inwardly; and if she shake thee vp and bid thee be packing, haue the better hope, Cats and Dogs come together by scratching: if she smile, then sonne say to thy selfe, she is thine; and yet women are wylie cattel, for I haue seene a woman laugh with anger, and kisse him she hath desired to kill: she will be coy (Mullidor) but care not for that, tis but a thing of course; speake thou faire, promise much, praise her highly, commend her beautie aboue all, and her vertue more than all, sigh often, and shewe thy selfe full of passions, and as sure as thy cap is of wooll, the wench is thine.

Mullidor hearing his mother giue such good counsaile, sayd he would ieopard a ioynt, and the next day haue a fling at her. With that he sayd his heart was eased, and his stomacke somewhat come downe with her good perswasions: whereupon the Aumrie was opened, and he turned me ouer the cantle of a Cheese and went to bed. The next morning vp he rose, and his holy day roabes went on, his Nandyppes newe blackt, his cappe fairebrusht, and a cleane Lockeram band. Thus attyred, away flings Mullidor to the field, and carried away his sheepe & led them into the playnes where Mirimida sought to feede her flockes: comming there, he met

met her all alone, sitting vnder a Beech Tree, weaning of Nets to catch birds: assoon as Mullidor spied her, his heart leapt for ioy; & she seeing him, laught: which was a great help to his courage, that rushing roughly towards her, he sayd thus. Mistres Mirimida, here is wether that makes grasse plentie, & sheepe fatte; by my troth there neuer came a more plenteous yeare: & yet I haue one sheepe in my folde thats quite out of liking; & if you knew the cause you would maruell. The other day as her was grasing, he spied a spotted eaw feeding before him; with that he fell to gaze on her, and that so long, that he wagd his tayle for very ioye, her came to her, and with a sheepish curtesie courted her: the eaw was coy, and butted him, which strooke him so to the heart, that casting a sheepes eye at hir, away her goes; and euer since he lies by himselfe & pines away: I pray you Mistres Mirimida what think you of this Eaw? Mirimida perceiuing by his *Simile*, that little witte had oft fancies, & fooles were within the compasse of Loues warrant: whereupon thinking to bring him into a paradise, she made this answere.

I am an ill Iudge Mullidor, and yet because I am a shepheardize, and this is a sheepish question; that the Eaw should bee the first that should be fatted in all the flock: and in reuenge of her crueltie, folde to the Butcher. For I tell thee Mullidor, shee that is cruell in loue, is like to a Rose, that prickes when it should be gathered. Say you so Mirimida (quoth he) then may I be the bolder to break out my minde vnto you: for surely I am the sheepe, that euer since I markt your beautie, haue beene inflamed with your sweete lookes: and not daring boult out my affection; haue pined away, as you may see by my cheekes; and refuse my foode: and you Mirimida are the Eaw that hath so caught Mullidor captiue. Therefore nowe that I vtter howe I loue, and couet that you should loue againe; take heede you refuse not, for if you doe, by my iudgement you shall be sold to the Butcher for your crueltie. Mirimida hearing the asse ruffle in his rude eloquence, smiled to her selfe, and thought

 that

that Venus fires as well warme the poore as the rich, and that deformitie was no meanes to abridge fancie: whereupon she replied thus. Why Mullidor are you in loue, and with me: is there none but Mirimida that can sit your eye, being so many beautifull damzels in Thessalie; take heede man, looke before you leap least you fall in the ditch: I am not good enough for so proper a man as your selfe, especially being his mothers onely sonne: what Mullidor, let me counsaile you, there are more maides than Malkin and the countrey hath such choice as may breede your better content; for mine owne part at this time I meane not to marry. Tis no matter quoth Mullidor what you say: for my mother tolde me, that maides at first would bee coy when they were wooed, and mynse it as twere a mare ouer a mouth full of Thistles, and yet were not a whit the worse to be likte, for twas a matter of custome. Well then Mullidor quoth Mirimida, leaue off for this time to talke of loue, and hope the best: to morrow perchaunce it will bee better: for women are like vnto children, that will oft refuse an Apple, and straight crie for the paring: and when they are most hungrie, then for sullennesse fast: This Mullidor quoth she, is the frowardnesse of loue: Marie then quoth he, if they haue childrens maladies, twere good to vse childrens medicines, and thats a rod: for be they neuer so froward, a ierck or two will make them forward: and if that would bring women to a good temper; my mother hath a stiffe cudgell, and I haue a strong arme.

Thus these two past away the day, till presently they espied a farre off a Gentleman with a Hauke on his fist, to come riding towards them; who drawing nie and seeing so faire a Nimph, raind his horse, and stoode still, as Acteon when he gazed at Diana: at last hee alighted, and comming towards her, saluted her thus curteously. Faire virgin when I saw such a sweete Saint with such a crooked Apostle, I straight thought Venus had been walking abroad to take the ayre with Vulcan; but assone as mine eyes began.

gan narrowly to make suruey of thy beautie, I found Venus blemisht with thy rare excellentie: happy are these sheepe that are folded by such a paragon; and happy are these shepheards that enioy the presence of such a beauteous creature: no marueile if Apollo became a swaine, or Mercury a Neatheard, when their labours are recompenst with such loues. My selfe faire damosell, if either my degree were worthy, or my deserts any, woulde craue to haue entertainemēt to become your dutiful seruant: at this while Mirimida held downe her head and blusht: at last, lifting vp her eyes full of modestie, and her face full of chast colours: such as florish out the fronts of Dianas virgins: she made the Gentleman this answere. My seruant sir (quoth shee) no, your worth is far aboue my wealth, and your dignity too high for my degree, phore cuntrie Damosels must not ayme too hie at fortune, nor dye too fast in desires, least looking at their feete with the Peacock they let fall their plumes, and so shame at their owne follies: but if my gree were so great as to entertaine such seruants, I must bestowe vpon them some changable liuorie, to shew the varietie of their minds: for mens hearts are like to the Polipe, that will change into all coluors but blew, and their thoughtes into all affects but constancie: In that sir, your eye dazled and mistake me, for Venus, you gazde against the sisne, and so blemisht your sight, or els you haue eaten of the rootes of Hemlocke, that makes mens eyes conceipt vnseeme obiects: howsoeuer (as I take you for a Gentleman) so I take your praise for a frumpe: and so your way lies before you; we must folde our flocks and you may be gone when you please. In faith quoth he Oenone chose Paris for her Phere in her labours, & her fellow in her loues: thinking the sweetest face the best fayring for a gentlewomans eye: But you contrary haue gotten a swaakie Vulcane as Venus, to set out your excellentie: for as Christal placed by Iesse, seemes the more pure: so a beauteous Paragon shewes the more fayre, ioynd with a deformed Peasaunt. Mullidor hearing the

Gentleman thus abuse his patience, as a man conceipted in his owne properneſſe, and eſpecially afore Mirimida, thwarted him thus. You maſter meacock that ſtand vpon the beauty of your churnmilke face; as brag with your Buzzard on your fiſt, as a Sow vnder an apple tree: know that wee countrey ſwaines as we are not beholding to Nature for beautie, ſo we little accompt of Fortune for any fauours Tuſh man, my crooke back harboureth more honeſt conditions, than thy fleering countenaunce: and theſe courſe ſuites, can fetch more pence than thy ſilkes: for I beleeue thou makſt a ſconce of the Mercers booke: thou haſt made ſuch ſure entrance there, that thou wilt neuer from thence till thou beeſt come out by the eares. Goodman courtier, though we haue backes to beare your frumps; yet we haue queaſie ſtomacks that will hardly brooke them: and therefore fine foole, be gone with your foule, or I will ſo belabour you, as you ſhall feele my fingers this fortnight: And with that Mullidor heaued vp his ſheephook & bent his browes, ſo that the Gentleman giuing Mirimida the adieu, hee put ſpurs to his horſe and went his way.

At this manly part of Mullidor, Mirimida laughe heartily; and he tooke a great conceipt, that her had the wo himſelfe ſuch a tall man: Vpon this, Mirimida gaue him a Roſegay which ſtuck in her boſome for a fauour; which hee accepted as gratefully, as though another had giuen him a tunne of golde. Night drew on, and they folded theſe ſheepe and departed, ſhee to her Father, and hee towardes olde Callena, as ſoyful a man as Paris, when he had the promiſe from Venus: her plodded on his way with his head full of paſſions and his heart full of new thoughts, and ſtill his eye was on the Roſegay, inſo much that he ſtoode in a doubt whether it were Loue or ſome other ſtrey worſe than Loue, that thus hinthe him & pincht him at laſt hee fell with himſelfe into this meditation. Now vor I perceiue that Loue is a purgation, and ſearcheth euery veine: that though it enter at the eye, yet it runnes to the heart, and then it forces an olde

olde coyle, where it worketh like a iuglers box. Oh Loue thou art like to a flea which biteth sore, and yet leapest away and art not to be found: or to a pot of strong ale, that maketh a man cal his Father whoreson: so doth them bewitch a mans wits that he knoweth not a B. from a Battildore. Infortunate Mullidor, and therefore infortunate, because thou art ouer the eares in Loue; and with whome? with Mirimida? whose eyes are like to sparks of fire, and thine like a pound of butter, like to be melted with her beauty, and to cõsume with the frieng flame of fancie. Ah Mullidor her face is like to a red & white Daisy growing in a greene meddow, & thou like a bee, that commest and suckest honie from it, and carriest it home to ỳ hiue with a heaue & hoe: that is as much to say, as with a head full of vowes, & a heart full of sorrowes and maladies. Be of good cheare, Mirimida laughes on thee, & thou knowest a womans smile is as good to a louer, as a sunshine day to a Haymaker: she shewes thee kind looks, & casts many a sheeps eye at thee: which signifies that shee counts thee a man worthie to iumpe a match with hir: nay more Mullidor, shee hath giuen thee a Nosegay of flowers wherin as a top gallant for all ỳ rest, is set in Rosemary for remembrance: Ah Mullidor cheere thy silfe, feare not; loue & fortune fauors lusty lads, cowards are not friends to affection: therefore venter, for thou hast wonne her: els had she not giuen thee this nosegay. And with this remembring himselfe, he start vp, left off his amorous passions and trudgeth home to his house; where comming in, olde Calena stumbles to see in what humour hir sonne came home: frolick he was, & his cap on the one side, he aske if supper were ready: his mother seeing his stomack was good, thought there was some hope of her Sonnes good fortunes, and therefore sayd, there was a pudding in the pot that is almost enough: but sonne quoth she, what newes? what successe in thy loues? how doth Mirimida like thee? Ah, ah, quoth Mullidor, and he smiled, how should I be vsed: but as one that was wraped in his mothers smock when hee was borne. Can the sunne want heat, and the winter cold: or a proper

man be denied in his suites? No mother, assoone as I began to circumglaze her with my Sophistrie & to fetch her about with a or three venie strō mine eyes I gaue her such a thūp on the brest, that she would scarce say no: I told her my mind & so wrapt her in the prodigalitie of my wit that she said an other time shoulde: but then wee parted laughing, with such a sweete smile that it made mee loose in the hait like a dudgin dagger: she gaue me this nosegay for a fauour, which how I esteemed it gesse you: thus haue I vsed her in kindnesse, and she vsed me in curtesie; & so I hope we shal make a friendly conclusion. By my troth sonne quoth she, & I hope no lesse, for I tell you, when maids giue gifts, they meane well; and a woman if she laugh with a glauncing looke wisheth it were neither to do nor vndone: she is thine my sonne feare not: and with that she laid the cloth and set victuals on the borde where Mullidor tried himselfe so tall a trencher man, that his mother perceiued by his visit he would not die for loue. Leauing this passionate lubber, to the conceipt of his loues: let vs returne to the young courtyer called Radagon, who tretting a soft pace vpon his courser seeing the sunne now bright and then ouershadowed with clouds, began to cōpare the state of the weather fantastically to the humor of his Mirimidas fancies: saying, when Phœbus was eclipst with a vapour, then she lowred: when hee shewd his glorie in his brightnesse, then she smiled. Thus hee dallied in an vncoth motion so long, that at last hee began to feele a fire that fretted to the heart. Riding thus in a quandarie he entred into the consideratiō of *Mirimidas* beauty wherupon frolickly in an extemperat humor he made this sonnet.

Radagons Sonnet.

No cleare appeard vpon the azurd Skie,
A vale of stormes had shadowed Phœbus face;
And in a sable mantle of disgrace:
Sate he that is ycleapid heauens bright eye,
As though that he,
Perplext for Clitia, *meant to leaue his place,*

And

And wrapt in sorrower did resolue to die,
For death to louers woes is euer nie:
Thus foulded in a hard and mournfull la(e
Distrest sate hee.

A mistie fogge had thickned all the ayre,
Iris *sate solemne and denied her showers*
Flora *in taunie hid vp all her flowers*
And would not diaper her meads with faire,
As though that shee
Were armd vpon the barren earth to lowre
Vnto the founts Diana *mild repaire,*
But sate as ouershadowed with dispaire
Solemne and sad within a withered bower
Her Nymphes and shee.

Mars *malecontent lay sick on* Venus *knee,*
Venus *in dumps sat muffled with a frowne*
Iuno *laid all her frollick humors downe,*
And Ioue, *was all in dumps as well as shee:*
T'was Fates decree.
For Neptune *(as he ment the world to drown)*
He and vp his surges to the highest tree,
And leagud with Eol, *mard the Seamans glee*
Beating the Cedars with his billows downe
Thus wroth was hee.

My mistris deynes to shew hir sunbright face,
The ayre cleard up, the clowds did fade away,
Phœbus *was frollick when she did display*
The gorgious beawties, that her frunt do grace.
So that when shee
But walkt abroad, the stormes then fled away.
Flora *did checker all her treading place,*
And Neptune *calmde the surges with his mace,*
Diana *and hir Nimphes were blithe and gaie,*
When her they see.

Venus

Venus and Mars agreed in a smile:
And ieaulous Iuno ceased now to louve,
Ioue saw her face and sighed in his bowre:
Iris and Eol laugh within a while
To see this glee:
Ah berne was she with a happy howre
That makes heauen, earth, & Gods and all to smile,
Such wonders can her beauteous lookes compile,
To cleare the world from any froward loiere,
Ah blest be shee.

When Radagon had framd this fancie, he began with sundrie wiseeing thoughts to consider, that she was beautifull & of a base countrey breede, where vertue assoone wellethe, as in high dignities: that her witte was sharp, and nature had done her part, to make her euery way excellent, as wel in exterior perfection, as in inward qualities: though her fortunes were lowe, yet her desires were modest: & proud she could not be, as being poore: to be peeuish there barlesse, in that her hope did not aspire: her looks bewraid she was no wanton; and her blushing, that she was bashful: euery way she seemed vertuous, as she was beautiful. The consideratiō oft his excellencie, is pierced the hart of Radagon, that from liking he fel to loue; frō small praises to great passiōs. Tush quoth he, though wedlock be a thing so doubtful & dangerous to deale withal, as to seek roses amongst thornes, eries amongst Scorpions: and one pure potion amongst a thousand boxes of confection: yet nature doth establish it as necessary: Law as honest, & reason as profitable. Some Cynick, as Diogines will thwart it with a dilemma & say, that for yong men tis too soone, for olde men too late to marry: cōcluding so enigmatically, it were not good to marry at all: other will say as Arminius a ruler of Carthage said, who being importunatly perswaded to marry, answered, no: said he, I dare not, for if I chāce upon one that is wise: she wil be wilful; if welthy thē wanton; if pure, thē peeuish; if beautiful, thē proud: if deformed thē loathsom: & the lest of these is able

to kil

kill a thousand men. Indeed I cannot denie but oft *sub melle latet venenum*, that beautie without vertue is like a boxe of Iuorie containing some balefull Aconiton, or to a faire shooe that wrings the foote; such loue as is laid vpon such a foundation is a short pleasure full of payne, and an affection bought with a thousand miseries; but a woman that is faire and vertuous maketh her husband a ioyfull man; and whether he be rich or poore, yet alwaies he may haue a ioyfull heart. A woman that is of a silent tongue, shamefast in countenance, sober in behauiour, and honest in condition, adorned with vertuous qualities correspondent, is like a goodly pleasant flower decke with the colours of all the flowers of the garden: and such a one (quoth he) is Mirimida, and therfore though she be poore I will loue her and like her; and if she will fancie me I will make her my wife. And vpon this he resolued to prosecute his suite towards her, in so much that assoone as he came home and had rested himselfe a while, he kept to his Candish and wrote her a letter.

Radagon was not more pained with this passionate maladie than poore Eurymachus, who could take no rest, although euery day in her presence he fed his eye with ỳ beautie of her face: but as the Hidaspis the more he drinkes the more thirstie he is; so Eurymachus the more he looked the more he loued, as hauing his eye deeply enamoured of the obiect; reueale any more his suite he durst not, because when he began to that of loue she shake him off, and either flung away in a rage, or else forst him to fall to other prattle; in so much that he determined to discourse his minde in a letter, which he performed as cunningly as he could & sent it her.

Mullidor that alle rapt out his reasons diuers times to Mirimida, vntil she was weary of the grumes vnpossible foleries, and so with a sharpe word or two nipt him on the pate: whereupon asking his mothers counsaile, she perswaded him to write vnto Mirimida, although he and a pen were as fit as an asse and a harpe; yet he bought him paper, and stealing into the Churchyard vnder an Appletree, there in his muses he framed a letter and sent it her.

Thus had Fortune (meaning to be merrie) appointed in her secret synod that al these three should vse one meanes to possesse their loues, & brought it so to passe that the three letters from these three riuals were deliuered at one instant: which when Mirimida saw, she sat her downe and laught, wondring at the rarenes of the chance þ should in a moment bring such a conceipt to passe; at last (for as then shee was leading forth her sheepe) shee satte her downe, and looking on the superscription saide to her selfe; what Adamants are faire faces that can draw both rich, pure & soules to lodge in the labyrinth of their beauties: at this she sighed, & the first letter she broake open, because he was her first louer, was Eurymachus. The contents whereof were these.

Eurymachus the Shepheard to Mirimida the Goddesse of Thessalie.

When (Mirimida) I sit by thy sweet selfe & wonder at thy sight, feeding as the Bee vpon the wealth of thy beauties, the conceipt of thine excellencie driues me into an extasie, that I became dumme with ouer much delight; for Nature sets downe this as an authenticke principle:

Sensibile sensui suppositum nulla fit sensatio.

If the flower be put in the nostrill there is no smell; the colour clapt close to the eye blemisheth the sight: so a louer in presence of his mistris hath þ organs of his speech tied, that he conceales with silence, and sighs out his smothered passions with sorowes. Ah Mirimida, consider þ loue is such a fire as either will burst forth or burne the house; it is such a streame as will either haue his course, or breake through the bankes & make a deluge, or els force their hart strings crack with secrecy. Yet Mirimida, if I be lauish in my pen, blame me not þ am so laden with loue; if I be bold, attribute it to thy beautie, not my impudencie, & thinke what I ouer dare in, it growes through the extremitie of loyal affection, which is so deeply imprinted in my thoughes, as neither time can diminish nor misfortune blemish. I aime not (Mirimida) at thy wealth, but at thy vertues; for the more I consider thy

per-

perfection, & more I grow passionate, & in such an humour, as if thou denie, there is no meanes to cure my malade but that salue which healeth all incurable sores, & that is death. Therefore (sweet Mirimida) consider of my loues & vse me as my loyaltie deserues: let not my pouertie put in any barre, nor the baseneſſe of my birth bee any excuse of thy affection; weigh my desires, not my degrees, & either send me a speedie plaister to salue my despairing passions, or a corasiue to cut off my lingering sorowes, either thy fauour with life, or thy denial with death, betweene which I rest in hope till I beare thine answer.

Thine, who can be no others but thine,
the Shepheard Eurymachus.

To the end of this letter (for that he would runne descant vpon his wit) he set downe a Sonnet written in the forme of a Madrigale, thus.

Eurimachus in laudem Mirimidæ,
his Motto
Inuita fortuna dedi vota concordia.

When Flora proude in pompe of all her flowers
Sat bright and gay,
And gloried in the deaw of Iris showers,
And did display
Her mantle checquered all with gawdy greene:
Then I
Alone
A mourneſull man in Erecine was seene.

With folded armes I trampled through the grasse,
Tracing as he
That held the Throane of Fortune brittle glasse,
And lone to be
Like Fortune fleeting as the reſtleſſe wind
Mixed
With mists
Whose dampe doth make the cleereſt eyes grow blind.

Thus in a maze I spied a hideous flame,
I cast my sight,
And sawe where blythly bathing in the same
With great delight,
A worme did lye, wrapt in a smokie sweate:
And yet
Twas strange
It careleſſe lay and shrunke not at the heate.

I stood amazd and wondring at the sight,
While that a dame
That shone like to the heauens rich sparkling light,
Discourst the same:
And sayd, my friend this worme within the fire
Which lies
Content,
Is Venus worme, and represents desire.

A Salamander is this princely beast,
Deckt with a crowne,
Giuen him by Cupid as a gorgeous creſt
Gainſt fortunes frowne,
Content he lies and bathes him in the flame,
And goes
Not foorth
For why he cannot liue without the same.

As he: so louers lie within the fire
Of feruent loue,
And shrinke not from the flame of hot desire,
Nor will not moue
From any heate, that Venus force imparts:
But lie
Content
Within a fire and waſt away their harts.

Vp flew the dame and vanisht in a clowde,
But there stood I,
And many thoughts within my mind did throwde
Of loue: for why,
I felt within my heart a scortching fire,
And yet
As did
The Salamander, was my whole desire.

Mirimida hauing read this Sonnet, she straight (being of a pregnant wit) conceipted the drift of his Madrigale, smiled and layd it by, and then next toke vp Radagons letter, which was written to this effect.

Radagon of Thessalie to the faire Shepherdize *Mirimida* health.

I Cannot tell (faire Mistris) whether I should praise Fortune as a friend, or curse her as a foe, hauing at vnwares presented me with the view of your perfection, which sight may be either the summe of my blisse, or the beginning of my bale: for in you rests the ballance either to weigh me downe my due with courtesie, or my deniall with extreame vnkindnes. Such as are pricke with the boanes of the Dolphin, heare musicke and they are presently healed of their maladie; they which are inuenymed with the Viper, rubbe the sore with Rubarb and seeke a remedie, and those which drinke Aconiton are cured by Antidotes. But loue is like the sting of a Scorpion, it must be salued by affection; for neither charme, hearbe, stone, nor mynerall hath vertue to cure it: which made Apollo exclaime this passion.

Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

With the same distresse (sweete Mirimida) am I pained, who lighting by chance as Paris did in the vale of Ida vpon Venus, haue seene a brighter Dame than Venus; but I feare me lesse courteous than Venus. I haue no golden

apple (faire Nymph) to preſent thee with, ſo to prooue thee ſupreme of beautie; but the deuotion of my thoughts is offered humblie at thy feete, which ſhall euer confeſſe none ſo beauteous as Mirimida. Then as Venus for reward gaue Paris Helena, ſo courteous Nymph bee prodigall of thy fauours and giue me thy heart, which ſhall bee to me more deare than a hundred Helens.

But here perhaps thou wilt obiect, that mens pleas are like Painters penſels, which drawe no ſubſtance but ſhadowes, that to the worſt proportions giue the richeſt colours, and to the courſeſt pictures the fineſt glaſſes, that what wee write is of courſe, and when wee faine paſſions, then are wee leaſt paſſionate, hauing ſorrowfull pens when wee haue ſecure hearts, and louring lookes when wee haue laughing thoughts. I cannot denie (ſweete Ariſtris) but that hot loues are like a bauins blaze, and that men can promiſe more in a moment than they will performe in a moneth. I knowe there was a Demophon that deceiued Phillis, an æneas that falſified his faith to Dido, a Theſeus that forſooke his Ariadne: yet meaſure not all by ſome mens minds; of a fewe particular inſtances, conclude not generall axiomes; though ſome haue been fleeting, thinke not all to be falſe; trie me, I referre your paſſions to my proofe, and as you finde me loyall ſo reward me with loue. I craue no authenticall graunt, but a ſuperficiall fauour: ſay (Mirimida) that Radagon ſhall bee welcome if he bee faithfull, and then my hope ſhall comfort my heart. In which ſuſpence I reſt confuſed, at the barre of your courteſie. Farewell.

Mirimidas Radagon, though ſhe will not be Radagons Mirimida.

This ſhe read ouer twiſe and blusht at it, as feeling a little heate, but ſtraight ſhe ſighed and ſhakt it from her heart, and had laid it by, but that turning ouer the next

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page she espied certaine verses, which was a Canzon verse thus.

Radagon in Dianam
Non fuga Teucrus amat: quæ tamen odit habet.

It was a valley gawdie greene,
Where Dian at the fount was seene,
Greene it was,
And did passe
All other of Dianas bowers,
In the pride of Floras flowers.

A fount it was that no Sunne sees,
Circled in with Cipres trees,
Set so nie,
As Phœbus eye
Could not doo the Virgins scathe,
To see them naked when they bathe.

She sat there all in white,
Colour fitting her delite,
Virgins so
Ought to go:
For white in Armorie is plast
To be the colour that is chast.

Her taffata Cassocke might you see
Tucked vp aboue her knee,
Which did show
There below
Legges as white as whales bone:
So white and chast was neuer none.

Hard by her vpon the ground,
Sat her Virgins in a round

Bathing:

Bathing their
Golden haire,
And singing all in notes bye
Fie on Venus flattring eye.

Fie on loue it is a toy,
Cupid witlesse and a boy.
All his fires
And desires
Are plagues that God sent downe from hie,
To pester men with miserie.

As thus the Virgins did disdaine
Louers ioy and louers paine,
Cupid nie
Did espie,
Greeuing at Dianas song,
Slylie stole these maides among.

His bow of steele, darts of fire,
He shot amongst them sweete desire,
Which straight flies
In their eyes.
And at the entrance made them start,
For it ran from eye to hart.

Calisto straight supposed loue
Was faire and frolicke for to loue:
Dian shee
Scapt not free:
For well I wot hereupon
She loued the swayne Endimion.

Clitia Phœbus, and Cloris eye
Thought none so faire as Mercurie:

Venus thus
Did discusse
By her sonne in darts of fire,
None so chast to checke desire.

Dian rose with all her maids,
Blushing thus at loues braids,
With sighs all
Shew their thrall.
And slinging hence pronounce this sam,
What so strong as Loues sweet bow?

Mirimida hauing read the letter of Radagon, perceiued that loue was in his eyes, and perhaps had stylie touche his heart: but she that was charie of her choyce, and resolute not to fetter her selfe with fancie, did passe ouer these passions, as men do the shadowes of a painters pensell, which while they view they praise, and when they haue praised, passe ouer without any more remembrance: yet she could not but enter into the humorous reach of his conceipt, how hee checkt the coy disdaine of women in his Sonnet. she blusht, and her thoughts went away with her blood, and so she lighted on the letter that Mullidor had sent her, which droue her into a pleasant vaine. The effects of his passions were these.

Mullidor the malecontent, with his pen clapt full of loue, to his Mistris Mirimida greeting.

AFter my heartie Commendations remembred; hoping your be in as good health as I was at the making hereof. This is to certifie you, that loue may well bee compared to a bottle of hay, which once set on fire will neuer be quenched, or to a cup full of strong ale, which when a man hath once tasted, he neuer leaues till he hath drunke it all vp: so Mi-

stris Mirimida, after the furious flames of your two eyes had set my poore heart on the coales of loue, I was so scorthed on the grediron of affection, that I had no rest till I was almost turned to a coale, and after I had tasted of the liquour of your sweete phisnomie, I neuer left supping of your amiable countenance, till with loue I am almost readie to burst. Consider with your selfe faire Shepheardize, that poore men feele paine as well as Princes; that Mullidor is sicke of such a malladie, as by no meanes can bee cured, vnlesse your selfe lay a searecloth to draw away my sorrowes: then be pitifull to me least you bee counted disdainful, to put so trustie a louer out of his right wits; for theres no ho but either I must haue you, or els for very plaine loue runne mad. It may be (Mirimida) you thinke me too base for your beautie: why? when you haue married me I am content to serue you as a man, and to doo al those indeuours that belongs to a seruant, and rather to holde you for my Mistris than my wife. Then seeing you shall haue the soueraintie at my hands, which is the thing that all women desire, loue me sweete Mirimida, and thinke this, if you match with mee, olde Callena my mother hath that in a clowte that will doo vs both good. Thus hoping you will ponder my passions in your minde, and be more courteous than to cast away a young man for loue. Farewell.

Yours halfe mad because he would bee yours, Mullidor the male-content.

Such a poetical furie tooke Mullidor in the braines, that he thought to shewe his vaine in verse, and therfore annexed to his letter this pleasant Dittie.

Mullidors

Mullidors Madrigale.

Dildido dildido,
Oh loue, oh loue,
I feele thy rage romble below and aboue.

In ſommer time I ſerue a face,
Trope belle pour moy helas helas,
Like to a ſtoand horſe was her pace:
Was euer yong man ſo diſmaid,
Her eyes like waxe torches did make me afraid,
Trop belle pour moy voila mon treſpas.

Thy beautie (my Loue) exceedeth ſuppoſes,
Thy haire is a nettle for the niceſt roſes,
Mon dieu aide moy,
That I with the primroſe of my freſh wit,
May tumble her tyrannie vnder my feete,
He donque ie ſera vn icune roy.
Trope belle pour moy helas helas,
Trop belle pour moy voyla mon treſpas.

Mirimida hauing read this humorous ſancie of Mullidor, began thus to meditate with her ſelfe. Liſten not fond wench to loue, for if thou doeſt thou learneſt to looſe, thou ſhalt finde griefe to bee the gaines, and follie the paymiſtris that rewards all amorous trauells. If thou wed thy ſelfe to Radagon, thou aimeſt beyond thy reach; and looking higher than thy fortunes, thou wilt repent thy deſires; for Mirimida affects beyond compaſſe, haue oftime infortunate effects; rich roabes haue not euer ſweete conſent, and therefore the meane is the merrieſt honour. What then, muſt Eurymachus of all theſe three bee the man that muſt make vp the match; he is a ſhepheard and harbours quiet in his cottage, his wiſhes are not aboue his wealth, nor both his conceipt climbe higher than his deſerts. He hath ſufficiēt

to shrowde thee from want, and to maintaine the state of an honest life. Shepheards wrong not their wiues with suspition, nor do countrie Swaynes esteeme lesse of their loues than higher degrees. But Mirimida, meane men haue frownes as well as kings; the least haire hath his shadow, the Flye her splæne, the Ant her gall, and the poorest Peasant his choller. Peasants can weld a cudgell better than a great Lord, and dissention will haue a fling amongst the meanest. If therfore mariage must haue her inconuenience, better golden gyues than yron fetters. What saiest thou then to Mullidor? that he is Mullidor, and let that suffice to shake him off for a fole; for it were thy discredite to haue onely a woodcock to keepe the woolfe from the doore. Why then, meanest thou not to loue? No sooner lasse if thou bee wise; for what is sweeter than libertie? and what burthen heauier than the fist of a froward husband. Amongst many Scorpions thou lokest for one Eele; amongst a hedge full of nettles for one flower; amongst a thousand flatterers for one that is faithful; & yet when thou hast him thy thoughts are at his will, and thy actions are limited to his humours. Beware Mirimida, strike not at a stale because it is painted; though honey be sweete Bees haue stings; there is no sweeter life than chastitie, for in that estate thou shalt liue commended and vncontrold.

Upon this she put vp the letters, and because she would not leade her Louers into a labyrinth of hope, she appointed them all to meete her at the Sheepfolds on one day and at one houre, where the Moors that stood vpon thorns to heare her censure met without faile. After salutes past betweene Mirimida and them, she began to parley with them thus.

Gentlemen, all riualls in loue and sinners at one fortune, though you three affect like desire to haue Mirimidas fauour, yet but one of you can weare the flower, and perhaps none, for it is as my fancie censures: therefore are you content that I shall let downe which of you, or whether none of

you.

you shall enioy the ende of your suites, and who so is forsaken, to part hence with patience and neuer more to talke of his passions. To this they all agreed, and she made this answere. Why then Radagon and Eurymachus weare you two the Willowe Garland, not that I hold either your degrees or deserts worthlesse of a fairer than Mirimida: but that the destinies do so appoynt to my desires, that your affects cannot worke in me any effects. At this, Radagon and Eurymachus frowned, not so much that they were forsaken, but that so beautifull a creature would wed her selfe to such a deformed asse as Mullidor, and the foole he simpered it in hope to haue the wench. Now (quoth she) Mullidor may hope to be: the man: but trust me as I found him I leaue him, a nolt in his loues, and a foole in his fortunes. At this they laught, and he hung the head, and she left them all. Radagon taking his hawke to goe flie the Partridge: Eurymachus marching with his sheephoke to the folds; Mullidor hying home to his mother to recount his mishaps, and Mirimida singing that there was no Goddesse to Diana, no life to libertie, nor no loue to chastitie.

Francesco, Isabel, and all the rest of the guests applauded this discourse of the pleasant Host: and for that it was late in the night they all rose, and taking their leaue of Francesco departed, he and his wife bidding their Host good night, and so going to bed, where wee leaue them to leade the rest of their liues in quiet.

Thus (quoth the Palmer) you haue heard the discouerie of youths follies, and a true discourse of a Gentlemans fortunes.

But now courteous Palmer (quoth the Gentleman) it rests that we craue by your owne promise the reason of your pilgrimage to Venice. That (quoth the Palmer) is discourst in a word: for knowe sir, that enioyning my selfe to penance for the follies of my youths passions hauing liued in loue, and therefore reapt all my losse by loue; hearing that of all the Cities in Europe, Venice hath most semblance of Ve-

nes vanities. I goe thether not onely to see fashions, but to quip at follies, that I may drawe others from that harme that hath brought me to this hazard. The Gentlewomen of Venice pour neighbours, but vnknown to me, haue more fauours in their faces than vertue in their thoughts; and their beauties are more curious than their qualities be precious, caring more to be figured out with Helen, than to be famozed with Lucrece; they striue to make their faces gorgeous, but neuer seeke to fit their minds to their God, and couet to haue more knowledge in loue than in religion: their eyes be way their wantonnesse, not their modestie; & their lookes are lures that reclaime not Hawkes, but make them onely bate at dead stales: As the Gentlewomen so are the men, lose liuers and straight louers, such as hold their conscience in their purses and their thoughts in their eyes, counting that houre ill spent that in fancie is not misspent. Because therefore this great Citie of Venice is holden Loues Paradize, thether do I direct my pilgrimage, that seeing their passions, I may being a palmer, win them to penance, by shewing the miseries that Venus mixeth with her momentarie contents: if not, yet I shall carrie home to my countrimen salues to cure their sores; I shal see much, beare little, and by the insight into other mens extreames, returne both the more warie and the more wise. What I see at Venice (sir) and what I note there, when I returne back, I meane to visite you and make you priuie to all.

The heedfull Host hauing iudiciallie vnderstoode the pitifull report of the palmer, giuing truce to his passions with the teares he spent, and resolued to requite that thankfullie which he had attended heedfullie, gaue this Catastrophe to his sad and sorrowfull discourse. Palmer, thou hast with the Kitrell foreshewed the stormе ere it comes, painting out the shapes of loue as liuely, as the Grapes in Zeuxis Tables were pourtraied cunningly; thou hast lent youth Egle eyes to behold the Sunne; Achilles sword to cut and recure, leauing those medicines to salue others, that hath

lost

loſt thy ſelfe, and hauing burnt thy wings with the fire by dallying to long with the fire: thou haſt bequeathed others a leſſon with the Unicorne to preuent poyſon by preſerues before thou taſt with the lippe. The onely requeſt I make in requitall of my attention, is, that thou leaue certaine teſtimonies on theſe walles, whereon whenſoeuer I looke, I ſhall remember Franceſcos follies and thy forefight.

The Palmer eſteeming the courteous replie of his hoſt, and deſirous to ſatiſfie his requeſt, drawing bloud from the vaine Cephalia, (on an arch of white Iuorie erected at the ende of an Arbour, adorned with Honyſuckles and Roſes) he wrote thus with a pencell.

In greener yeares when as my greedie thoughts
Gan yeeld their homage to ambitious will,
My feeble wit that then preuailed noughts,
Perforce preſented homage to his ill:
And I in follies bonds fulfild with crime,
At laſt vnloſd: thou ſpide my loſſe of time.

As in his circuler and ceaſeles ray
The yeare begins, and in it ſelfe returnes
Refreſht by preſence of the eye of day,
That ſometimes nie and ſometimes farre ſoiournes:
So loue in me (conſpiring my decay)
With endles fire my heedles boſome burnes,
And from the end of my aſpiring ſinne,
My paths of error hourely doth begin.

Aries.

Aries.

When in the Ram the Sunne renewes his beames,
Beholding mournfull earth arayd in griefe,
That waights releefe from his refreshing gleames,
The tender flockes reioycing their releefe
Doo leape for ioy and lap the siluer streames.
So at my prime when youth in me was chiefe,
All Heifer like with wanton horne I playd,
And by my will my wit to loue betrayd.

Taurus.

When Phœbus with Europas bearer bi
The Spring appeares, impatient of dela
The labourer to the fields his plow swa
He sowes, he plants, he builds at all assa
When prime of yeares that many errors h
By fancies force did trace vngodly waies,
I blindfold walkt disdayning to behold,
That life doth vade, and yong men must be old.

Gemini.

When in the hold whereas the Twins do rest,
Proud Phlegon breathing fire doth post amaine:
The trees with leaues, the earth with flowers is
When I in pride of yeres with peeuish braine (dreſt:
Presum'd too farre and made fond loue my gueſt;
With frosts of care my flowers were nipt amaine.
In height of weale who beares a careles hart,
Repents too late his ouer foolish part.

Cancer.

Cancer.

When in Æstiual Cancers *gloomie bower,*
The greater glorie of the heauens doth shine;
The aire is calme, the birds at euerie stowre
To tempt the heauens with harmonie diuine.
When I was first inthrald in Cupids *powre,*
In vanes I spent the May-mouth of my time.
Singing for ioy to see me captiue thrall
To him, whose gaines are griefe, whose cõfort smal.

Leo.

When in the height of his Meridian walke
The Lions holde conteines the eye of day,
The riping corne growes yeelow in the stalke.
When strength of yeares did blesse me euerie way.
Maskt with delights of fillie was my talke,
Youth ripened all my thoughts to my decay:
In lust I sowde, my frute was losse of time;
My hopes were proud, and yet my bodie slime.

Virgo.

When in the Virgins lap earths comfort sleepes,
Bating the furie of his burning eyes,
Both corne and frutes are firmd, & cõfort creepes
On euerie plant and flowre that springing riseth
When age at last his chiefe dominion keepes,
And leades me on to see my vanities;
What lone and scant foresight did make me sowe
In youthfull yeares, is ripened now in woe.

Aries.

When in the Ram the Sunne renewes his beames,
Beholding mourifull earth araid in griefe,
That waights reliefe from his refreſhing gleames,
The tender flockes reioycing their reliefe
Doo leape for ioy and lap the ſiluer ſtreames.
So at my prime when youth in me was chiefe,
All Heifer like with wanton horne I playd,
And by my will my wit to loue betrayd.

Taurus.

When Phœbus with Europas bearer bides,
The Spring appeares, impatient of delaies
The labourer to the fields his plow ſwaynes guides,
He ſowes, he plants, he builds at all aſſaies,
When prime of yeares that many errors hides,
By fancies force did trace vngodly waies,
I blindfold walkt diſdayning to behold,
That life doth vade, and yong men muſt be old.

Gemini.

When in the hold whereas the Twins doo reſt,
Proud Phlegon breathing fire doth poſt amaine:
The trees with leaues, the earth with flowers is
When I in pride of yeres with peeuiſh braine (dreſt:
Preſum'd too farre and made ſond loue my gueſt;
With froſts of care my flowers were nipt amaine.
In height of weale who beares a careles hart,
Repents too late his ouer fooliſh part.

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The greater glorie of the heauens dooth ſhine;
The aire is calme, the birds at euerie ſtowre
To tempt the heauens with harmonie diuine.
When I was firſt inthrald in Cupids *powre,*
In vanes I ſpent the May-month of my time,
Singing for ioy to ſee me captiue thrall
To him, whoſe gaines are griefe, whoſe cõfort ſmal.

Leo.

When in the height of his Meridian walke
The Lions holde conteines the eye of day,
The riping corne growes yeelow in the ſtalke.
When ſtrength of yeares did bleſſe me euerie way.
Maskt with delights of follie was my talke,
Youth ripened all my thoughts to my decay:
In luſt I ſõwde, my frute was loſſe of time;
My hopes were proud, and yet my bodie ſlime.

Virgo.

When in the Virgins lap earths comfort ſleepes,
Bating the furie of his burning eyes,
Both corne and frutes are firmd, & cõfort creepes
On euerie plant and flowre that ſpringing riſe:
When age at laſt his chiefe dominion keepes,
And leades me on to ſee my vanities;
What loue and ſcant foreſight did make me ſõwe
In youthfull yeares, is ripened now in woe.

Libra.

When in the Ballance Daphnes *Lemman blins*
The Ploughman gathereth frute for paſed paine:
When I at laſt conſidered on my ſinnes,
And thought vpon my youth and follies vaine;
I caſt my count, and reaſon now begins (paine,
To guide mine eyes with iudgement, bought with
Which weeping wiſh a better way to finde,
Or els for euer to the world be blinde.

Scorpio.

When with the Scorpion proud Apollo *plaies,*
The wines are trode and carried to their preſſe,
The woods are fild gainſt winters ſharp affraies:
When grauer yeares my iudgements did addreſſe,
I gan repaire my ruines and decaies:
Exchanging will to wit and ſoothfaſtneſſe:
Claiming from Time and Age no good but this,
To ſee my ſinne, and ſorrow for my miſſe.

Sagittarius.

When as the Archer in his Winter holde
The Delian *Harper tunes his wonted loue,*
The ploughman ſowes and tills his labored molde;
When with aduiſe and iudgement I approue,
How Loue in youth hath griefe for gladnes ſolde,
The ſeedes of ſhame? from my heart remooue,
And in their ſteads I ſet downe plants of Grace
And with repent bewailde my youthfull race.

Capri-

Capricornus.

in Eurotas *siluer glide*
tresse, beholdeth Capricorne,
es short, then hasts the winter tide
sparing lights doth seem to mourn,
en, the flowers their beautie hides:
e that I to death was borne,
agth decaide, my graue alreadie drest,
my life my losse, my death my best.

Aquarius.

When with Aquarius Phœbes *brother staies,*
The blythe and wanton windes are whist & still,
Colde frost and snow the pride of earth betraies:
When age my head with hoarie haires doth fill,
Reason sits downe, and bids mee count my dayes,
And pray for peace, and blame my froward will:
In depth of griefe in this distresse I crie,
Peccaui Domine, miserere mei.

Libra.

When in the Ballance Daphnes *Lemman blins*
The Ploughman gathereth fruite for paſsed paine:
When I at laſt conſidered on my ſinnes,
And thought vpon my youth and follies vaine;
I caſt my count, and reaſon now begins (paine,
To guide mine eyes with iudgement, bought with
Which weeping wiſh a better way to finde,
Or els for euer to the world be blinde.

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When with the Scorpion proud Apollo *plaies,*
The wines are trode and carried to their preſſe,
The woods are fild gainſt Winters ſharp affraies:
When grauer yeares my indgements did addreſſe,
I gan repaire my ruines and decaies:
Exchanging Will to Wit and ſoothfaſtneſſe:
Claiming from Time and Age no good but this,
To ſee my ſinne, and ſorrow for my miſſe.

Sagittarius.

When as the Archer in his Winter holde
The Delian *Harper tunes his wonted loue,*
The ploughman ſowes and tills his labored molde;
When with aduiſe and iudgement I approue,
How Loue in youth hath griefe for gladnes ſolde,
The ſeedes of ſhame from my heart remoone,
And in their ſteads I ſet downe plants of Grace
And with repent bewailde my youthfull race.

Capri-

Capricornus.

When he that in Eurotæs *ſiluer glide*
Doth baine his treſſe, beholdeth Capricorne,
The daies growes ſhort, then haſts the winter tide
The Sun with ſparing lights doth ſeem to mourn,
Gray is the green, the flowers their beautie hides:
When as I ſee that I to death was borne,
My ſtrength decaide, my graue alreadie dreſt,
I count my life my loſſe, my death my beſt.

Aquarius.

When with Aquarius Phœbes *brother ſtaies,*
The blythe and wanton windes are whiſt & ſtill,
Colde froſt and ſnow the pride of earth betraies:
When age my head with hoarie haires doth fill,
Reaſon ſits downe, and bids mee count my dayes,
And pray for peace, and blame my froward will:
In depth of griefe in this diſtreſſe I crie,
Peccaui Domine, miſerere mei.

Piſces.

When in the Fiſhes manſion Phœbus *dwells,*
The dayes renew, the earth regaines his reſt:
When olde in yeares, my want my death foretells:
My thoghts & praiers to heauē are whole addreſt
Repentance youth by ſelfe quite expells,
I long to be diſſolued for my beſt,
That yong in Zoale long beaten with my rod,
I may grow old to Wiſedome & to God.

The palmer had no ſooner finiſhed his circle, but the Hoſt ouer read his conceipt, and wondring at the excellencie of his wit, from[illegible] perience began to ſuck much wiſedom[illegible] ing verie loath to detaine his gueſt t[illegible] ter they had broken their faſt, and th[illegible] of the houſe courteouſlie had giuen [illegible] for his fauor, the Palmer ſet for[illegible] Venice: what there he did, or how[illegible] when I am aduertiſed (good Gent[illegible] will ſend you tidings. Meane while, l[illegible] one learne (by Franceſcoes fall) to be[illegible] leaſt at laſt (tho late) they be enforced to bewaile.

FINIS.

Piſces.

When in the Fiſhes manſion Phœbus *dwells,*
The dayes renew, the earth regaines his reſt:
When olde in yeares, my want my death foretells:
My thoghts & praiers to heauē are whole addreſt
Repentance youth by folſie quite expells,
I long to be diſſolued for my beſt,
That yong in zeale long beaten with my rod,
I may grow old to Wiſedome & to God.

The palmer had no ſooner finiſhed his circle, but the Hoſt ouer read his conceipt, and wondering at the excellencie of his wit, from his experience began to ſuck much wiſedome, & beeing verie loath to detaine his gueſt tw long: after they had broken their faſt, and the goodman of the houſe courteouſlie had giuen him thankes for his fauor, the Palmer ſet forward towards Venice: what there he did, or howe hee liued, when I am aduertiſed (good Gentlemen) I will ſend you tidings. Meane while, let euerie one learne (by Franceſcoes fall) to beware, leaſt at laſt (tw late) they be enforced to bewaile.

FINIS.